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Selections.

HENRY CLAY.

At the late annual meeting of the Indiana Anti-Slavery Society, it being understood that Mr. Clay was about to visit Indiana, on an electioneering tour, or, as the phrase is, "to visit his friends," a committee was appointed to meet him at Richmond, and present the following petition:

TO HENRY CLAY.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Indiana, in view of the declaration of rights contained in the charter of American independence; in view of that justice which is due from man to his fellow-man; and in view of all those noble principles which should characterize the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, ask you, most respectfully, to "unloose the heavy burdens," and that you let the oppressed, under your control, who call you *master*, go FREE. By doing so, you would give "liberty to whom liberty is due," and do no more than justice to those under your charge, who have long been deprived by you of the sacred boon of freedom; and set an example that would result in much good to suffering humanity, and do an act altogether worthy a great and good man.

Resolved, That should Henry Clay refuse to emancipate his slaves, the committee to present the petition be instructed to request him to give his reasons for so refusing.

Accordingly, while Mr. Clay was addressing the assembled multitude on political subjects, doubtless duly sprinkled with the glories of *impartial freedom*, Mr. Mendenhall ascended the platform, and presented the paper, signed by two thousand citizens, respectfully requesting the candidate of "the freest and most enlightened republic" to emancipate *his slaves*.

Of Mr. Clay's answer, the New-York Tribune contains the following account:

After the reading of the petition, the assembly manifested great sensation; some cried out, pull him (Mr. Mendenhall) down; and a high degree of excitement, of anger, and of indignation, were kindled against him. The slightest manifestation of displeasure on the part of Mr. Clay, might have exposed Mr. Mendenhall to great personal danger. But Mr. Clay rose with perfect calmness and composure, and first addressed the multitude in a strain of persuasion and entreaty. He hoped Mr. M. might be treated with the greatest forbearance and respect. He assured his fellow-citizens there collected, that the presentation of the petition had not occasioned him the slightest pain, nor excited one solitary disagreeable emotion. If it were to be presented to him, he preferred that it should be done in the face of this vast and respectable assemblage. He thought he could give it such an answer as became him, and the subject of which it treated. At all events, he entreated and besought his fellow-citizens, for their sake, for his country's sake, for his sake, to offer no disrespect, no indignity, no violence, in word or deed, to Mr. Mendenhall.

This appearing to compose the assembly, Mr. Clay bowed to Mr. Mendenhall, and addressing him, said:

I will now, sir, make to you and to this petition, such a response as becomes me. Allow me to say, that I think you have not conformed to the independent character of an American citizen, in presenting a *petition* to *me*. I am, like yourself, but a private citizen. A petition, as the term implies, generally proceeds from an inferior in power or station to a superior; but between us there is entire equality. And what are the circumstances under which you have chosen to offer it? I am a total stranger, passing through your State on my way to its capital, in consequence of an invitation with which I have been honored to visit it to exchange salutations with such of my friends of Indiana as think proper to meet me, and to accept of their hospitality. Anxious as I am to see them, and to view parts of this State which I had never seen, I came here with reluctance, because I apprehended that the motives of my journey might be misconceived and perverted. But when the fulfillment of an old promise to visit Indianapolis was insisted upon, I yielded to the solicitations of friends, and have presented myself among you.

Such is the occasion which has been deliberately selected for tendering this petition to me. I am advanced in years; and neither myself, nor the place of my residence, is altogether unknown to the world. You might, at any time within these twenty-five or thirty years, have presented your petition to me at Ashland. If you had gone there for that purpose, you should have been received and treated with perfect respect and liberal hospitality.

Now, Mr. Mendenhall, let us reverse conditions, and suppose that you had been invited to Kentucky to partake of its hospitality; and that, previously to your arrival, I had employed such means as I understand have been used to get up this petition, to obtain the signatures of citizens of that State to a petition, to present to you, to relinquish your farm, or other property, what would you have thought of such a proceeding? Would you have deemed it courteous, and according to the rites of hospitality?

I know well that you, and those who think with you, controvert the legitimacy of slavery, and deny the right of property in slaves. But the law of my State, and other States, has otherwise ordained.—The law may be wrong, in your opinion, and ought to be repealed; but, then, you and your associates are not the law-makers for us; and unless you can show some authority to nullify our laws, we must continue to respect them. Until the law is repealed, we must be excused for asserting the rights—aye, the property in slaves—which it sanctions, authorizes, and vindicates.

And who are the petitioners, whose organ you assume to be? I have no doubt that many of them are worthy, amiable, and humane persons, who, by erroneous representations, have been induced inconsiderately to affix their signatures to this petition, and that they will deeply regret it. Others, and not a few, I am told, are free blacks—men, women, and children, who have been artfully deceived and imposed upon. A very large portion, I have been credibly informed, are the political opponents of the party to which I belong. Democrats, as they most undeservedly call themselves, who have eagerly seized this opportunity to wound, as they imagined, my feelings, and to aid the cause to which they are attached. In other quarters of the Union, democrats claim to be the exclusive champions of southern interests, the only safe defenders of the rights in slave property, and unjustly accuse us whigs of abolition designs, wholly incompatible with its security. What ought these distant democrats to think of the course of their friends here, who have united in this petition?

And what is the foundation of this appeal to me in Indiana, to liberate the slaves *under my care* in Kentucky? It is a general declaration, in the act announcing to the world the independence of the thirteen American colonies, that all men are created equal. Now, as an abstract principle, there is no doubt of the truth of that declaration; and it is desirable in the original construction of society, and in organized societies, to keep it in view, as a great fundamental principle. But, then, I apprehend that in no society that ever did exist, or ever shall be formed, was, or can, the equality asserted among the members of the human race, be practically enforced and carried out. There are portions of it, large portions—women, minors, insane, culprits, transient sojourners—that will always probably remain subject to the government of another portion of the community.

That declaration, whatever may be the extent of its import, was made by the delegations of the thirteen States. In most of them, slavery existed, and had long existed, and was established by law. It was introduced and forced upon the colonies by the paramount law of England. Do you believe, that in making that declaration, the States that concurred in it intended that it should be tortured into a virtual emancipation of all the slaves within their representative limits? Would Virginia and the other southern States have ever united in a declaration which was to be interpreted into an abolition of slavery among them? Did any one of the thirteen States entertain such a design or expectation? To impute such a secret and unavowed purpose, would be to charge a political fraud upon the noblest band of patriots that ever assembled in council—a fraud upon the confederacy of the revolution—a fraud upon the Union of these States, whose Constitution not only recognized the lawfulness of slavery, but permitted the importation of slaves from Africa, until the year 1808. And I am bold to say, that if the doctrine of ultra political abolitionists had been seriously promulgated at the epoch of our revolution, our glorious independence would never have been achieved. Never! never! [Great applause, and many voices echoing, "Never!"

I know the predominant sentiment in the free States is adverse to slavery; but happy in their own exemption, from whatever evils may attend it, the great mass of our fellow-citizens there do not seek to violate the Constitution, or to disturb the harmony of these States. I desire no concealment of my opinions in regard to the institution of slavery. I look upon it as a great evil, and deeply lament that we have derived it from the parental government, and from our ancestors. I wish every slave in the United States was in the country of his ancestors. But here they are; and the question is, how can they be best dealt with? If a state of nature existed, and we were about to lay the foundations of society, no man would be more strongly opposed than I should be to incorporate the institution of slavery among its elements. But there is an incalculable difference between the original formation of society, and a long existing organized society, with its ancient laws, institutions, and establishments.

Now, great as I acknowledge, in my opinion, the evils of slavery are, they are nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison with the far greater evils which would inevitably flow from a sudden, general, and indiscriminate emancipation. In some of the States, the number of slaves approximates towards an equality with that of the whites; in one or two, they surpass them. What would be the condition of the two races in those States, upon the supposition of an immediate emancipation? Does any man suppose that they would become blended into one homogenous mass? Does any man recommend amalgamation—that revolting admixture, alike offensive to God and man? For those whom He, by their physical properties, has made unlike and put asunder, we may, without presumptuousness, suppose were never intended to be joined together in one of the holiest rites. And let me tell you, sir, if you do not already know it, that such are the feelings—prejudices, if you please—(and what man claiming to be a statesman, will overlook, or disregard, the deep-seated and *unconquerable* prejudices of the people)—in the slave States, that no human law could enforce a union between the two races.

What, then, would certainly happen? A struggle for political ascendancy; the blacks seeking to acquire, and the whites to maintain, possession of the government. Upon the supposition of a general immediate emancipation, in those States where the blacks outnumber the whites, they would have nothing to do but to insist upon another part of the same Declaration of Independence, as Dorr and his deluded democratic followers recently did in Rhode Island; according to which, an undefined majority have the right, at their pleasure, to subvert an existing government, and institute a new one, in its place; and then the whites would be brought in complete subjection to the blacks! A contest would inevitably ensue between the two races; civil war, carnage, pillage, conflagration, devastation, and the ultimate extermination or expulsion of the blacks. Nothing is more certain. And are not these evils far greater than the mild, continually improving state of slavery, which exists in this country? I say continually improving; for if this gratifying progress in the melioration of the condition of the slaves has been checked in some of the States, the responsibility must attach to the unfortunate agitation of abolition. In consequence of it, increased rigor in the police, and further restraints have been imposed; and I do believe that gradual emancipation (the only method of liberation that has ever been thought safe or wise by anybody in any of the slave States) has been postponed *half a century*.

Without any knowledge of the relations in which I stand *to my slaves*, or their individual condition, you, Mr. Mendenhall, and your associates, who have been active in getting up this petition, call upon me forthwith to liberate the whole of them. Now, let me tell you, that some half a dozen of them, from age, decrepitude, or infirmity, are wholly unable to gain a livelihood for themselves, and are a heavy charge upon me. Do you think that I should conform to the dictates of humanity, by ridding myself of that charge, and sending them forth into the world, with the boon of liberty, to end a wretched existence in starvation? Another class is composed of helpless infants, with or without improvident mothers. Do you believe, as a Christian, that I should perform my duty towards them, by abandoning them to their fate? Then, there is another class, who would not accept their freedom, if I would give it to them. I have for many years owned a slave that I wished would leave me, but he will not. What shall I do with that class?

What my treatment of *my slaves* is, you may learn from Charles, who accompanies me on this journey, and who has travelled with me over the greater part of the United States, and in both the Canadas, and has had a thousand opportunities, if he had chosen to embrace them, to leave me. Excuse me, Mr. Mendenhall, for saying that my slaves are as well fed and clad, look as sleek and hearty, and are quite as civil and respectful in their demeanor, and as little disposed to wound the feelings of any one, as you are.

[Great and continued laughter and applause.]

Let me recommend to you, sir, to imitate the benevolent example of the Society of Friends, in the midst of which you reside. Meek, gentle, imbued with the genuine spirit of our benign religion, whilst in principle they are firmly opposed to slavery, they do not seek to accomplish its extinction by foul epithets, coarse and vulgar abuse, and gross calumny. Their ways do not lead through blood, revolution, and disunion. Their broad and comprehensive philanthropy embraces, as they believe, the good and the happiness of the white, as well as the black race; giving to the one their commiseration, to the other, their kindest sympathy. Their instruments are not those of detraction and of war, but of peace, persuasion, and earnest appeals to the charities of the human heart. Unambitious, they have no political objects or purposes to subserve. My intercourse with them throughout life has been considerable, interesting and agreeable; and I venture to say, that nothing could have induced them, as a society, whatever a few individuals might have been tempted to do, to seize the occasion of my actual passage through this State, to offer me a personal indignity.

[This part of Mr. Clay's speech was listened to with deep and absorbing attention, and was followed by loud bursts of applause.]

I respect the motives of rational abolitionists, who are actuated by a sentiment of devotion to human liberty; although I deplore and deprecate the consequences of the agitation of the question. I have even my friends among them. But they are not monomaniacs, who, surrendering themselves to a single idea, look altogether to the black side of human life. They do not believe that the sum total of all our efforts, and all our devotion, should be abolition. They believe that there are duties to perform towards the white man, as well as the black. They want good government, good administration, and the general prosperity of their country.

I shall, Mr. Mendenhall, take your petition into respectful and deliberate consideration; but before I come to a final decision, I should like to know what you and your associates are willing to do for the slaves in my possession, if I should think proper to liberate them. I own about fifty, who are probably worth fifteen thousand dollars. To turn them loose upon society, without any means of subsistence or support would be an act of cruelty. Are you willing to raise and secure the payment of fifteen thousand dollars, *for their benefit*, if I should be induced to free them? The security of the payment of that sum would materially lessen the obstacles in the way of their emancipation.

And now, Mr. Mendenhall, I must take respectful leave of you. We separate as we met, with no unkind feelings, no excited anger or dissatisfaction on my part, whatever may have been your motives, and these I refer to our common Judge above, to whom we are both responsible. Go home, and mind your own business, and leave other people to take care of theirs. *Limit your benevolent exertions to your own neighborhood.* Within that circle you will find ample scope for the exercise of all your charities. Dry up the tears of the afflicted widows around you; console and comfort the helpless orphan; clothe the naked, and feed and help the poor, black and white, who need succor, and you will be a better and wiser man than you have this day shown yourself.

[Rapturous applause followed the conclusion of the speech.]

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL,

At a meeting of the Irish Repeal Association, July, 1842, in reply to Mr. M'Garahan, of Mobile, Ala.

The Lord Mayor said he felt it to be an imperative duty to arise, after the speech of the highly respectable and reverend gentleman who had just concluded. He was sorry that it was his duty to comment, in any terms, except of praise, on anything falling from that reverend gentleman; but he would be untrue to the sacred cause of freedom, with which he was identified, if he were to sit silent and hear any apology for slavery, even from the best of motives, offered in his presence. He was glad that the meeting had heard the reverend gentleman with such attention and patience; for, both as a stranger and as a clergyman, he was entitled to every possible indulgence at their hands. (Hear, hear.)

He came there as a friend of the cause in which they were engaged, to offer them the sympathy and support of his fellow-countrymen; and in doing so, he had felt it his duty to offer some remarks in favor of the system of slavery, as carried on in America. He had stated that the slaves were well fed, well taken care of, and sleek in their appearance, and there could be no doubt that such was the fact; but if the reverend gentleman went to the house of the greatest tyrant in the country, he would find his horses plump and well taken care of, and for precisely the same reason as that which the reverend gentleman had assigned for the good condition of the slaves, because it was the interest of the owner to have them so. (Loud cries of hear, hear.) But let passion burst forth—let violence disturb him, and the master of that horse, notwithstanding that it is his own interest to use the animal gently and kindly, will treat it brutally and cruelly. (Hear, hear.) Although the general rule was in favor of the slave, yet, he was liable to suffer from the effects of intoxication and ill temper; he was liable to be separated from the wife of his bosom, and the children of his tender affection. They may be sold as slaves, and sent to one quarter of the globe, while he himself was sent to the other; and while that state of things existed, he would be its most determined enemy, whatever was the consequence—whether he got the sympathy or support of their American friends, or continued to be subjected to the gross guilt inflicted on his country by a continuance of the Union. (Cheers.) He could not hear slavery praised or palliated. *Every nerve within him trembled at the idea of one man being the property of his fellow-man—of a human being treated as so much chattels, or that a being with an immortal soul should be bound to the will of any master, be he a tyrant or otherwise, in the exercise of his authority.* (Cheers.) He could not bring himself to the very idea of such a state of things, and as much as he valued the sympathy and support of America in the present constitutional struggle, if it be the slightest apology for slavery, he at once abandoned it. (Cheers.) The reverend gentleman has eloquently expressed his fears for what the result of freedom to the slaves in America might be, and the danger which existed if it should take place, of what he (the Lord Mayor) abhorred; for he never would sanction the shedding of one drop of human blood. He talked of violence, of the vengeance which the slaves would take upon their masters if they were liberated, and of their incapacity to attend to their own affairs, or to take care of themselves. If he (the Lord Mayor) had heard that doctrine propounded for the first time, coming as it did from the reverend lips and the sacred character of him who put it forward—if he had, he repeated, heard it for the first time, it might, perhaps, have staggered his judgment; he might have thought that he knew more of the matter, and that his evidence was that of description which was derived by personal knowledge and actual judgment. But he had the pleasure to tell him that he had heard that argument before—that it was brought forward in the English Parliament previous to the passing of the bill for the emancipation of the slaves in the British colonies; and blessed be God, he raised his humble voice to turn eight hundred thousand slaves into eight hundred thousand freemen—to give the mother the happiness of blessing her little one in her arms, instead of trembling for its future state—to give her an assurance that, instead of its being separated from her pressing heart, he was a little freeman; and that she could say to him, "You will yet be my protector." (Loud cheers.) He heard it said before, "Beware of what you do; if you emancipate them, it will create bloodshed; they are utterly unfit to take care of themselves, and there will be nothing but confusion throughout the length and breadth of our multitudinous islands. All this will end in blood." And though the parties did not openly say the abolitionists in Parliament sought for blood, yet they insinuated that such was their intention. The experiment was, however, tried, and what was the consequence? (Hear, hear.) In Demerara alone, the emancipated negroes purchased three estates, for which they gave ninety thousand pounds, and in Jamaica they were buying up property from day to day. "Take care of themselves!" Let them only try the experiment, instead of having human nature degraded by the fact of a man being held in slavery. It was as old as the days of Homer, who said that when a man was a slave, half his worth was taken from him. It was then at least three-fourths, and the evil was not confined to that, for they had it on record that when the English and French governments remonstrated with the Arabs on the coast of Africa, and called on them to give up the traffic, and discontinue the practise of seizing Europeans, their answer was, that these Europeans were so degraded as scarcely to resemble man, and that they were a kind of monkey race. There they are, exclaimed the Arabs, for the last eight or ten years, and did you ever see so stupid a race? (A laugh.) A man named Adams, an American, was kept three years only among them in a state of slavery, and such were the dreadful effects of it, that he lost the use of the English language altogether, and spoke a sort of jibbering tongue, half English, half Arabic; nay, he was six months in England before he was restored to his full faculties, or the possession of the English language. Such was the effect of slavery; and yet, although eight hundred thousand negroes were emancipated by England, not one of them was found applying for relief under a poor law, or for charity of any kind, but supported themselves by their own industry. (Hear, hear.) They were, he admitted, a little too fantastic in their dress, they were fond of gay and lively colors; but they bought their own cotton, with which they clothed themselves, and if there was found a glitter around them, it was the produce of their own industry. (Hear, hear, and a laugh.) Not one of them could be found who was not perfectly able to take care of himself. (Hear, hear.) Then as to the question of blood, if a revolution took place among the negroes, produced by their emancipation, he would give up the case if it could be shown him that one drop had been shed by those who were already admitted to their freedom. Not one had been shed—not a single case of violence had occurred, or of retaliation on their masters. O yes, they refused to take off their hats for those who were cruel to them. (A laugh.) But he stood there a historian of veracity, and the assertor of that fact in the presence of Europe and of America. (Cheers.) He proclaimed that instance of peace and good order among the negro population who were set free, and he defied any one to contradict him, or to show the least particle of violence. No assault or outrage had been committed, or a single drop of blood shed. (Cheers.) Were not the negroes in America the same race—were they not of the same class? And what fears could be entertained of them? Let it be recollected that when the experiment of emancipating the slaves in the British colonies was made, it was made under unfavorable auspices, because purchased by twenty millions of the public money, one farthing of which was not given to the negro, but to his masters. They were insulted by the manner in which they received their freedom, because it was not given them as a right to which they were entitled, but purchased for them from their masters. Yet no crime was committed—no violence was resorted to—no blood was shed; and oh! may the happy day arrive when America shall be convinced of these truths, and be induced to follow the example of England. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) She followed her "bitter bad" example in the introduction of slavery in the first instance, (and England could not but blush at its continuance in that land)—nay, the Americans were almost coerced to introduce it: and that England should have to answer for it was just before man and Divine Providence. But Ireland was free from the foul stain—for no one slave ship ever sailed from any port in Ireland, except one which carried Irishmen themselves. (Cheers and laughter.)

He (the lord mayor) sincerely hoped the Reverend gentleman was convinced he spoke to him with the utmost respect—that he was not the less grateful for his coming amongst them with the happy communication of which he had been the bearer—that he was not the less grateful for the support of the American friends of Ireland, if he kept back the expression of his feelings on the subject. (Hear, hear.) He perceived that the Reverend gentleman had alluded to a circumstance which was also reiterated in the American papers—that they, in their address for the abolition of slavery, called on the American people to join the abolitionists. Then the ill conduct of the abolitionists is set forth; and the enemies of slavery in this country were censured for the part they had just taken. When he (the lord mayor) signed that address, he did not mean any particular party, much less one who would act improperly or insultingly; for it was quite against the interests of those whom they called their clients, to have recourse to so improper a proceeding. They did not mean to say by that phrase, that the Americans ought to become what was termed "abolitionists" in their land—they did not mean to say that they should join in any combination that would injure the property of man, but a combination which should have liberty for its object, and morality, truth, and purity of motives as its aim. (Loud cries of hear, hear.) *Man ought not to be a slave!* God had mixed and implanted in his soul equality at his birth. All were born in the same nakedness, and subject to the same infirmities—no distinction existed at that moment between the peer and the peasant, and both would descend with the same inanition to the grave. He would struggle then, against every description of tyranny and despotism, wherever he found it to exist; he would struggle to bring men to a constitutional equality; not to that equality which did not recognize rank or station, but to that place and equity known to the law, and to which he was entitled. (Cheers.) That equity which entitled a servant to hire with a master, and go away at the expiration of his period of service, if he chose to do so—that equity which enabled the laborer to receive the wages he was justly entitled to for his labor, and to discharge himself if that were not paid, or if he could improve his condition. But the slave gave up his labor to others—he was the property of others; and come what would, *he hated slavery in all its forms*—he would never truckle to others, or yield up the detestation in which he held it. (Cheers.) He would insult no man, but his heart was devoted to liberty; and so long as slavery existed in any quarter of the globe, he would be found among the ranks of its bitterest and most decided enemies. (Loud cheers.)

WHO IS TO BLAME FOR "THE CURSE ENTAILED UPON US BY OUR ANCESTORS."

James Grahame, a well known English writer, has lately published a pamphlet, called "Who is to Blame? Or a cursory Review of American Apology for American Accession to Negro slavery." It contains the following interesting historical facts:

The first cargo of negro slaves imported into North America, was conveyed by a Dutch vessel in 1620 to Virginia, where they were readily purchased by the planters, *without the permission, or even the knowledge of the British government.* Indeed this government did not then, nor till several years after, exercise the political administration of Virginia, which was originally confided to a numerous society of English gentlemen established at London. Moreover, the first of the British *statutes of navigation* was not enacted till the restoration of Charles II. in 1660: and the slave trade was not comprehended within the scope and operation of the commercial policy of the British government till the reign of Queen Anne—*prior to which* negro slavery was established in every one of the American provinces that finally revolted from Britain—of course with the exception of Georgia, which was not planted till the year 1733. The number of slaves in every province was regulated by its soil, climate, and other physical circumstances, and not by the degree of its subjection to British control. The puritan colonists of New England, at a time when their provincial government was practically independent of Great Britian, reduced to slavery the captives whom they took in their wars with the Indians. Maryland and the Carolinas acquired negro slaves while they were subject not to the British crown, but to *proprietary* dominion: and, undeterred by the threats and remonstrances of the British proprietaries to whom they owed allegiance, the Carolinian planters adopted and long persisted in the practice of kidnapping and enslaving the unoffending Indians who had the misfortune to be their neighbors. Slavery was established in the territory of New-York and New Jersey, before this territory ceased to be a province of Holland. The British government was far stronger in New-York, after it became a British province, than in Virginia, Maryland, or the Carolinas: yet in each of these last mentioned states, the slave population far exceeded that of New-York. The Quaker colonists of Pennsylvania became slaveholders while they depended not on the crown, but on a Quaker proprietary, and before the British government had extended the grasp of its commercial policy to the slave trade; and the Quaker assembly of this province and of the Swedish plantation of Delaware with which it was then united, flatly rejected the overture of their proprietary William Penn to alleviate by legal ordinance the bondage of their negro slaves? Maryland and Pennsylvania were allowed to retain their proprietary constitutions as long as their colonial relation to Britian endured; yet, while the first swarmed with slaves, the other never possessed more than a very small number. In Virginia and Carolina, the government finally became completely regal, and the slave population was always large. Precisely the same change of government took place in Massachusetts and New Hampshire; and yet there, the slave-population was always insignificant? Connecticut and Rhode Island, escaping the fate of their New England sisters, were enabled to retain their pristine peculiarity of exemption from British control. Yet slaves, about as rare in Connecticut as in Massachusetts, were more numerous in Rhode Island than in any of the other States of New England; and the merchants of Rhode Island were long notorious for the avidity with which they pursued the slave trade.—p. p. 23, 26.

When the plantation of Georgia was commenced in the year 1733, the administration of political authority over its territory was committed by royal charter, not to any branch or department of the British government, but to a board of trustees composed of those generous philanthropists by whom the colonial project had been devised and digested. It was by this board that General Oglethorpe, one of its own members, was appointed to preside over the colony; and it was during the subsistence of its authority, that Oglethrope was finally recalled to England in 1743,—ten years after the foundation of the settlement, nine years before a single negro slave did or could enter its territory, and for reasons that had no connection whatever either with negro slavery or with any affair or concernment of the colony. One of the earliest acts of the board of trustees, after the first band of emigrants had been transported to the colony, was to frame and publish a code of fundamental laws and constitutions for the infant society, by which *negro slavery was absolutely prohibited in Georgia.* No sooner was this ordinance promulgated, than it excited the most violent and general discontent among the colonists, who were chiefly composed of a class of unfortunate men very ill adapted to a scene of rough labor and patient poverty, and whose complaints of the privation of negro aid in their toils were provoked by the example and abetted by the counsel of their neighbors, the planters of South Carolina. Accepting the invitation of these counsellors to share with them the envied privilege of possessing negro slaves, so many of the Georgian colonists abandoned their colonial soil, that fears began to be entertained of the total desertion of the young province; and in the year 1737, a general meeting of the remanent planters, in a petition and remonstrance to the board of trustees, protested vehemently that this catastrophe was inevitable unless the prohibition of negro slavery were repealed. From this claim of the Georgian colonists to be indulged with the possession of slaves, the only dissenters were a handful of Scottish Highlanders who had recently resorted to the province, and some German members of the Moravian brotherhood, who, in spite of the protection of the trustees, were soon after expelled from the province by the jealousy and persecution of their fellow-planters. The trustees refused to hearken to the desire of the petitioners, or to suffer a single slave to enter Georgia; and firmly persisted in this refusal till the year 1752, when, disgusted with the languishing condition and incurable murmurs and discontent of their people, they gladly surrender their chartered authority to the crown. Then, and not till then, did the crown, in accordance with the earnest and general importunities of the colonists, bestow on them a constitution precisely similar to that of South Carolina, and including, among other more worthy but not more coveted boons, the privilege of acquiring and employing negro slaves. But, as the British government, though it might permit, could not force its colonial subjects to buy negroes, so, though it might encourage, it could not force its merchants to sell them; and little effect was produced in Georgia by her altered constitution till after the peace of Paris in 1763, when beginning to flourish under the improved hssbandry which she owed to the example and direction of the British Governor, Sir James Wright, her planters acquired sufficient wealth and credit to invite the resort of slave merchants and stock their territory with a numerous servile population. This was but two years before the commencement of the revolutionary quarrel between Britain and her American colonies. Of petitions presented in the brief interim, or at any period, by the Georgians to the British government for the withdrawment or restriction of the boon they had so long and earnestly solicited, I believe that no traces are extant, except in the imagination of the writer who has hazarded so incredible an assertion.—p. p. 34, 37.

CHURCH ACTION.

The Reformed Methodist Conference; which held its session in Cortlandville, N. Y. adopted the following resolutions in regard to slavery:

Resolved, That we are not only as much as ever convinced of the great and crying evil of slavery, but more than ever resolved upon *action;* ACTION, in all our various relations, for its speedy overthrow.

Resolved, That the church is God's instrumentality for the renovation of the world—that she can yield to no compromise with sin, without a compromise of her reformatory character, and lending her influence to sustain that which Christ came to destroy.

Resolved, That sin, when legalized or dressed up with the drapery of high sounding names, is no less sin, and no less obnoxious to the execration of high-heaven—therefore, we cannot consent to yield our action for God and his cause to their heaven-daring demands, without sin upon our souls, and without surrendering the high prerogatives of ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Resolved, That *righteousness* lays at the root of Christianity, and that all attempts to save souls without bringing them under the reign of righteousness, however much they may tend to swell the numbers of an ecclesiastical association, are at war with consistency, at war with human salvation, at war with God and the fundamental laws of Christ's kingdom.

Resolved, That those ministers of religion who refuse to plead the cause of the oppressed from pretended regard for the souls of the proud oppressor, and his subservient apologist, or regard for the "*dear cause*," exhibit a kind of ecclesiastical quackery which proposes to heal the moral and *mortal* disease of the soul, by leaving the foundations of disease undisturbed and unremoved.

Resolved, That when we can consent to incur the responsibilities of the whole system of American slavery, then we will consent to receive slaveholders to our church fellowship; and when we can pervert our organization to the base purpose of strengthening and perpetuating this "execrable villainy," then we will invite the apologist for slavery to our pale, and regard him as a fit fellow laborer in our cause—but not before.

The Presbytery of Medina Ohio.

Extracts from the minutes, in relation to slavery:

Presbytery regards slavery, as it exists in our country, as a great sin against God and our fellow-men. Against God, as it violates his holy law, which requires us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to do unto them as we would that they should do unto us; and, against our fellow-men, as it deprives them of invaluable privileges, social, civil and religious; it deprives them of the privilege of reading the Bible; it breaks up family connections in all its relations, and takes from them the avails of their labor without an equivalent; it exposes them to great cruelty and oppression, and deprives them of those inalienable rights which God has given them—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We therefore deeply regret that some professed ministers, and many professed Christians of various denominations, hold their fellow-men in bondage. And, as the Bible makes it our duty to rebuke our neighbor, who does wickedly, and not suffer sin upon him, and to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, we regard it as the duty of the Christian Church kindly, but decidedly, to express their disapprobation of American slavery;—therefore.

Resolved, That while there may be extraordinary cases, resulting from peculiar circumstances, yet, in all ordinary ones, we cannot admit a slaveholder to officiate in our pulpit, or to participate in our communion. By order of Presbytery.

LEWIS F. LAIN,
September 8th, 1842. Stated Clerk.

The Calvanistic Churches, Medway, Mass.

Whereas, the Christian church is established to be the light of the world, and the grand instrument in the great work of the world's reformation,—it is therefore,

Resolved, That the Church ought to bear decided testimony against all sin, and especially reprove, with all tenderness and fidelity, those members of the Christian body who persist in open transgression.

Resolved, That the system of slavery as it exists in the United States, and as tolerated in many churches in our land, is a violation of the letter and spirit of the gospel—inasmuch as it withholds from almost three millions of the human family their personal freedom—denies them generally the means of education—the privileges and protection of civil institutions—the sacred rights of matrimony, and the due reward of their labor—thus reducing and holding them in a state of oppression, ignorance, and moral degradation, scarcely paralleled in the civilized world.

Resolved, That we feel constrained in the spirit of meekness to reprove and rebuke all professing Christians, ministers, and churches, who tolerate slavery in word or deed—and that we cannot extend the fellowship of the gospel to those who continue to enslave their fellow-men, after the faithful admonition of their Christian brethren.

Adopted by the unanimous vote of the first Church of Christ in Medway, Sept. 2d, 1842.

Attest, SEWALL HARDING, *Pastor.*
JOSIAH BLAKE, TIMOTHY WALKER, PAUL DANIELL, } *Deacons.*

Adopted by the unanimous vote of the second Church of Christ in Medway, Sept. 1st, 1842.

Attest, JACOB IDE, *Pastor.*
DANIEL NURSE, DANIEL WILEY, } *Deacons.*

Adopted by the unanimous vote of the Village Church, Sept. 2d, 1842.

Attest, DAVID SANFORD, *Pastor.*
SAMUEL ALLEN, M. M. FISHER, GEORGE W. HUNT, } *Deacons.*

General Convention of Congregational Churches, Vermont.

Resolved, That, in the judgment of this convention, the system of slaveholding, practised in this country, is a system of unjustifiable and enormous oppression; directly contrary to the gospel, highly offensive to God, and portentous of consequences most terrible to all who are involved in it.

Resolved, That for ministers of the gospel, or other professed disciples of the Saviour, to give support to the institution of slavery, by either holding their fellow-men in bondage for purposes of gain, or attempting to justify those who do so, is flagrantly inconsistent with Christian duty.

Resolved, That this convention, being bound by the law of love contained in the command of our Lord, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us—do beseech our fellow-Christians in the slaveholding States not only to abstain from all participation in this great iniquity, but to use all suitable means to bring it to a speedy and peaceful end.

Resolved, That, in fulfilling the great command of Christ, to preach the gospel to every creature, we are bound to seek the spiritual welfare of the people of color within our own bounds, and also to remember, in our prayers, and to commiserate the condition of the enslaved in our country, prevented by law from acquiring the ability to read for themselves the word of God, and to use all suitable means to bring them to the free enjoyment of religious privileges, and to extend to this long injured class of our fellow-men throughout the world, the blessings of salvation.

September 13, 1842.

Essex and Coos Conference, Vermont and New Hampshire.

The late annual meeting received a memorial from the Free-will Baptist General Conference on the subject of slavery; on which the committee, appointed to receive it, reported as follows:

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the spirit of that memorial, and receive it with feelings of fraternal kindness; and that we fully concur in the sentiments of the memorial generally.

Resolved, That we regard the system of slavery as utterly at variance with the highest and most sacred rights of human nature, and with the spirit and requirements of the gospel of Christ; and that we esteem it the duty of all the ministers, and all the disciples of Christ, and indeed of *all men*, to do what they can for its speedy, full, and universal abolition.

After a few brief observations, these resolutions were passed without a dissenting vote, and ordered to be published with the other doings of the conference.

Baptist Church in New Ipswich, N. H.

The following were passed without a dissenting voice:

Whereas, the Church of Christ is set as a light to the world, and as such, is required to forsake all sin, and to bear testimony against every iniquity; and whereas, the silence of the Church with regard to any known wickedness is often tantamount to an approval of that wickedness; therefore,

Resolved, That we believe it to be a duty we owe to ourselves, to the cause of Christ at large, and to our suffering fellow-men, to bear our decided testimony against American slavery.

Resolved, That American slavery usurps the prerogative of Jehovah, dehumanizes man made in God's image, and dethrones all his moral powers.

Resolved, That American slavery, or the chattel principle, is as much a traffic in the *souls*, as in the bodies of men, and is, therefore, under *all circumstances*, a most aggravated sin.

Resolved, That, as God hath made of one blood all nations of men, all are born free and equal, and all have a right to that freedom guaranteed to them by the constitution of their nature.

Resolved, That we will not invite to our pulpit, or extend to any the hand of Christian fellowship, who hold slaves, or who apologize for slavery.

Ought not the Churches of the States to exclude Slaveholders from their Pulpits and Communion tables?

God has created all men of one blood, endowed them with inalienable rights, and commanded them to do to others as they would have others do to them. Enslaving men is depriving them of all their rights, reducing them to articles of property, and compelling them to labor without wages solely for the benefit of others. It is a heinous sin against God, a most impious invasion of the rights of man. It has been so considered by many justly celebrated divines.

Says Rowland Hill, "Slavery is made up of every crime, that treachery, cruelty, and murder, can invent."

Says Jonathan Edwards, "It is as really wicked to rob a man of his liberty, as to rob him of his life; and it is much more wicked than to rob him of his property. To hold a man in a state of slavery, is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of manstealing."

Says Samuel Hopkins, "Slavery is, *in every instance*, wrong, unrighteous, and oppressive; a very great and crying sin—there being nothing of the kind equal to it on the face of the earth."

Says John Wesley to the slaveholder, "Thy hands, thy bed, thy furniture, thy house, and thy lands, at present, are stained with blood."

Says Adam Clarke, "In heathen countries, slavery was in some sort excusable; but among Christians, it is an enormity and a crime for which perdition has scarcely an adequate state of punishment."

Is it not the duty of the churches to debar from their pulpits and communion, such sinners, until they repent? Does not love and faithfulness to them demand it? Is receiving them as "brethren, in good and regular standing," consistent with giving against their sin the pure testimony that God demands? Instead of their sin being suffered upon them, ought they not in this way to be reproved? Does not the honor of the Christian religion, as well as the condition of those in bonds, call for it?—*Herald of Freedom.*

ADVANCED POSITION OF THE AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

The following eloquent paragraph, from one of George Thompson's late speeches, is becoming more and more realized every day, and is prophetic of the future triumph of the holy cause:

"They have, thank Heaven, lived through all,

however, and are still working with vigor and success. They have passed the Rubicon—the anti-slavery question. The movement is no longer invisible, or contemptible. The question, whether the slave shall be free, is not now one which is discussed iu a garret in Boston, or a back room in New-York. (great cheering.) It has found its way into State legislatures—into the halls of Congress—into the councils of the White House. It is entering into every political contest, great and small. It has found its way from the church meeting into the association, and synod, and general conference, and assembly. It comes up when questions of trade are discussed. It is the first question on the opening of every new session. The farmer thinks of it when he sows his field. The capitalist, when he lends his money. The merchant, when he imports his goods. The political economist lectures on the profit and loss of slavery. The student reads his Greek Testament to understand it. The housewife thinks of it when she buys cotton clothing for her children. The political caucus, when they nominate their candates. The Governor, when he takes office. The minister thinks of it when he comes to Europe. The ambassador, when he is on his way to St. James. The present position of the abolitionists, therefore, is, in all circumstances, considered a proud position. They have stood through every storm. They have come stronger out of every conflict. They have worked an odious and hated topic into universal notice. They have made themselves heard and felt throughout the land. They have compelled attention. They have steadily advanced. They have, in several pitched battles, defeated their opponents. They have constrained reluctant senators to take sides. They have enlisted the sympathy of the civilized world. At first despised, they are now feared. Where once they were scouted as infamous, they are now courted as an important body, often holding the balance of power between contending parties. There is now little talk, as of old, of straight jackets, or State prisons, or rewards for abduction, or gag laws, messages demanding anti-slavery ring-leaders; the wild notions of a few, have become solemn convictions of thousands. The declaration of fifty fanatics at Philadelphia, has been subscribed by multitudes, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and from the Atlantic to the lakes.

UNITED STATES' OPPRESSION.

We have, in a former number, alluded to the outrageous regulations of the United States, in regard to *free men* in the District of Columbia; we will now give some facts touching the oppressive, nay, inhuman laws which the government sustains in the territory of Florida.

That Congress has the "power to dispose of and make all needful regulations respecting" this territory, there can be no question; for the Constitution, in so many words, gives it this power. It has a legislature, which enacts laws subject to the will of Congress, whether they shall be annulled, and Congress legislates directly concerning it, whenever it thinks proper.

But what regard has Congress, *our* Congress, that *our* votes have been instrumental in making, to the regulation of this territory in accordance to the principles of JUSTICE, that JUSTICE, the establishment of which was one of the chief objects of the Constitution? We will see.

Ten years ago, in February, 1842, a law was passed by the legislature of Florida, to the effect that whenever a judgment for debt was recovered against a free mulatto in that territory, it should *be levied upon his body, and he should be sold, like any other property*, for a time, to *pay the debt*. This law was sustained by *our* Congress. It was ten years ago, it is true, and it is to be presumed that *our* Congress is more humane, and inclined to favor the *poor*. But is such the fact? We will see.

We have before us a copy of a law from, the Pensacola Gazette, which passed the senate, January 31, 1842, and the house of representatives, February 15, 1842, and was approved March 5, 1842; from which we will make an abstract of its principal provisions.

The first section provides that all free negroes, and free mulattoes, of all ages and sexes, except those who were in the territory prior to its cession to the United States, shall be required to have a guardian, which guardian is to be approved by a judge, as "a proper and discreet person."

The second section provides that all such free men and mulattoes as have come into the territory since the cession, shall pay a capitation tax of one dollar each, per year; and, in case they refuse, they shall be sold by the sheriff—he first giving ten days notice—to the person bidding the shortest time, so as to pay said taxes.

The third section provides that all such free negroes and mulattoes as have come, or been brought into the territory since the 10th of February, 1832, shall be sent out of it forthwith; (as the same law exists in adjoining slave States, where can they go?) and if any shall refuse to go before the 1st of October, 1842, it shall be lawful for the sheriff to take them into custody, and confine them in jail, and give ten days notice, at the expiration of which he shall proceed to sell them at the court-house, to the highest bidder, for the term of *ninety-nine years*—one-fourth of the proceeds of the sale to go to the sheriff for his expense and trouble, the remainder to go into the county treasury. And if any one being sent out of the territory, shall return, he shall be carried before a judge of a county court, or a justice of the peace, and upon satisfactory evidence of the fact, the judge or justice shall authorize the sheriff to sell him, after giving three days notice, for *ninety-nine years*.

The fourth section provides that the sheriff shall publish notices warning the colored people to quit before the 10th of October, 1842.

The fifth section provides that there shall be no appeal from the decision of the judge or justice, except upon the question whether the defendant be a free negro or free mulatto, or whether he came into the territory since February 10, 1832.

The sixth section provides that all guardians of free mulattoes and negroes shall *have the same authority over them that masters have over their slaves*, except the right of property. In fact, making them, to all intents and purposes, slaves, except in this one particular. The act further provides for the punishment of judges and other officers for malfeasance, if they shall neglect to act in these cases.

The seventh section provides that, if any master of a vessel shall allow a free negro, or a free mulatto, which he brings in his vessel within the limits of this territory, to go on shore, *the sheriff shall seize the colored person, and lodge him in jail.*

The eighth section provides that the vessel shall, in all such instances, be bound to *one dollar a day for jail fees*; the person to remain in jail until all costs are paid; and if he is not taken out, and the costs paid, in ten days, the sheriff shall give three days notice, and *sell him* before the court-house door for *ninety-nine years*, to the highest bidder, and shall have a fourth of the proceeds, the remainder to go to the county.

The ninth section repeals all acts relating to the free negroes and free mulattoes.

Can it be that the Congress of the United States countenance such a law as this? It would seem almost incredible, but it is even so. And will the people of the North, the people of Maine, countenance such a government—can they trust a government that is guilty of such monstrous injustice?—We will see.—*Bangor Gazette.*

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

At the late annual meeting of the INDIANA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, the following were passed, among many other good resolutions:

Whereas, by recent manifestations, an attempt is making to induce the colored population of our country to emigrate to some remote region of the territory of the United States; therefore,

Resolved, That we regard this attempt as well as others, to effect a colonization of our colored citizens, as altogether anti-republican, antichristian, and among the most deleterious in its consequences to the progress of the anti-slavery cause.

Resolved, That it is the imperious duty of the abolitionists, in particular, to improve every opportunity to introduce our brethren into profitable and honorable situations and occupations; that they may have a fair prospect of rising to an equality with their white brethren by honest industry.

The following were passed by the late Anti-Slavery Convention for the *Middle Counties of Pennsylvania*:

Resolved, That we recommend that strenuous efforts be made to obtain the signatures of as large a portion of our population, of both sexes, as may be practicable, to petition to Congress, and the State legislature, asking for the abrogation of all constitutional and legal provisions, which require the people of this commonwealth, either through their public agents, through the taxes paid on articles of consumption, or otherwise, to aid or participate in holding human beings in slavery.

Resolved, That we consider the rule of Congress said to be adopted on motion of John Quincy Adams, under which petitions are privately handed to the speaker, and if rejected by him, never appear on the minutes, nor is the presentation ever known to Congress or the public, as far more injurious in its practice than the gag rule itself; we therefore respectfully request J. Q. Adams, and the members of Congress from this State, to endeavor to obtain a repeal of the said rule.

Resolved, That while we disapprove of an abolition political party, we recommend to abolitionists who vote, that they question candidates for offices connected with the legislative power of the State and the nation, and publish their answers, if any, and that they *vote for none but those who declare themselves favorable to the abrogation of all constitutional and legal provisions of the National and State government, which have for their object the sustaining of slavery, or in any manner assisting the slaveholder to maintain his dominion over the slave.*

Communications.

LETTER FROM OUR UTICA CORRESPONDENT.

UTICA, October 25, 1842.

Yesterday we were favored with the presence of Abby Kelley, and last evening she lectured to a crowded audience, at the court-house. Her lecture was worthy of herself and of the cause. It was upon elementary principles, and in the form of a judicial investigation. She arraigned slavery, (in the person of its representatives, Rev. Dr. Manly, for the Church, and Henry Clay, for the State,) at the bar of eternal truth and justice, on the charge of falsehood, theft, robbery, concubinage, and murder. Fully did she sustain the indictment; and that, too, after ruling out, as inadmissible, the testimony of abolitionists—abolitionists as much as anybody—but,—and the slaves.

The indictment was presented in due form; each specification was taken up as a distinct charge, separately investigated, and the decision of the meeting called thereon; if anybody dissented, they were repeatedly urged to manifest that dissent; but none was uttered; the rendering of the verdict, in every case, was unanimous; and if we could judge by appearances, conviction fastened upon every mind, that *slavery* was indeed "the *sum* of all villany."

After the close of the lecture, and before the meeting was dismissed, Joseph Benedict, Esq. rose and stated that in the main he agreed with the lecturer; but, that his silence might not be construed into an assent to all she had said, he wished to enter a disclaimer. Was there time, (it being then near 10 o'clock,) he should be happy to state his objections.

Abby immediately arose, thanked him for his frankness and courtesy, and proffered him the fore part of Tuesday evening to present his objections, and such remarks as he chose, and she would reply to him. He accepted the proposition.

I should be pleased to speak of this lecture as it merits; but I forbear, lest man or woman-worship should be laid to my charge; of this we have enough.

This simple lecture has created a greater excitement in this city upon the subject of slavery, than the combined efforts of third partyism has for two years. It was an appeal to the *conscience*, to the *heart*—not to its "*selfishness*." It was an arraigning of the criminals at the bar of inflexible justice; and the result was a deep and abiding conviction of the horrible enormity of slavery. Undoubtedly the truths uttered were unpalatable to some who heard them. The "presiding genius" of the whig press in this city left the meeting, overwhelmed with holy horror, that so humble, devout, and reverend a slaveholder as Dr. Manly, should have sacrilegious hands laid upon him. As for "Harry of the West," of course *he* had no sympathy for *him*; oh! no!

Wednesday, 26th.—I resume my brief sketching of Abby's lectures. Agreeable to appointment, she opened her meeting last evening at the usual hour; the house being then crowded. After reading from the prophet Isaiah, and briefly commenting thereon, she alluded to the proposition she had made to Mr. Benedict, on the last evening; and invited him, if present, to the stand. Instantly throughout the house the cry was, "Benedict! Benedict!" But alas! it was like "calling spirits from the vasty deep." No Benedict was forthcoming. Abby then gave an invitation to any other person to address the meeting, pro or con. After a moment or two of silence, Col. Coy observed that he did not come there to make a speech, or to occupy the attention of the meeting; neither was it in a captious spirit that he would now propose a question to the lecturer. It was information he sought; he admitted the legality (Col. Coy is a lawyer) of the proceedings last evening, and the justness of the decisions. He would, as *convicted* Henry Clay, demand of the landholders, the farmers of Oneida county, wherein *their* title to their broad acres was better than the robber right which *he* had to his slaves? He would pause for a reply; he only wanted information.

Abby disposed of this query in a summary manner, by admitting that the *rightful owner* of property was entitled to it, or its equivalent. If any of the wronged race, who had been hunted and peeled, claimed possession or remuneration, to which they were justly entitled, nothing could be more just than that they should receive it. When the *owner* presented himself, he should have his own, whether it was in the person of the plundered aboriginal, or the more cruelly plundered descendant of Africa.

A few more remarks, and she again gave way for other questions, or objections; none were presented.—She proceeded with her address, in which she proved that the "South were simply slave *owners*; the North, aye! the *free* North, were the slave *holders*."

It was a noble effort; and if the speaking countenances of that large and intelligent assembly were the index, we may say much good was done.

This people's ears have been filled with the misrepresentations and abuse of third partyism. The American Anti-Slavery Society, its committee, and its friends, have been held up for abolition scorn, as "moral suasionists," "cast iron men," "do nothings," "stool pigeons," "whig abolitionists," &c. &c. by men who, previous to the organization of a *party*, would have visited such a course of conduct with their stern rebuke; but who now, under the influence of heated party feeling, are not ashamed to heap the bitterest and most unjust imputations on the character of those who refuse to worship the ballot-box image, which they have set up.

Wednesday evening, 10 1-2 *o'clock.*—I have just returned from Abby's third lecture; it was upon prejudice. House a perfect jam. Women, as well as men, upon their feet for two hours and upwards, listening with unflagging interest to abolition truth. O, that it may obtain a permanent lodgment in their hearts!

At the close of the lecture, our friend Benedict was again called for; he responded to the call. On presenting himself to the audience, he remarked, that being present on Monday evening, when the Rev. Dr. Manly, and Henry Clay, were put upon trial, he was made an involuntary juror. He could not understand why *these* men were selected at *this* particular juncture; and though he felt bound always to defend his friends, (and Henry Clay *was* his friend,) when they were unjustly assailed; yet he would waive that, and simply state his objections to the proposition, "that *man* could not be made an article of merchandise."

He was an abolitionist—but, ranking himself with good old Moses; and though he held the sacred volume in his hand, and was about to read from it, he did not do it for the purpose of sustaining slavery; for he was as much opposed to that as anybody. But the lady had said, that man could not be made property; could not be bought and sold. He believed he could; that it was consistent with nature and the fitness of things; man *could* be bought and sold; could sell *himself*, his feet, his hands. In evidence, he read from Exodus, xxi. chap. &c. and also referred to our own laws in relation to minors. All the while wishing it distinctly understood, that he was no friend to slavery; it was a great wrong, and should be abolished.

In reference to the charge against Henry Clay, he thought it was doing him great injustice; for he was only obeying the *laws of the State where he lived.* He then ran a parallel with slaveholders and the board of excise; if the former, then the latter were murderers; for murder resulted from their acts! Also with fathers, they furnished their table with such luxuries as tended to shorten life. Verily, we thought a "Daniel had come to judgment." He closed with pressing for an answer to the following question: "*When did slavery commence,*" or, "*how long has it existed?*"

Abby, in reply to the last question, which was evidently propounded as a poser, quietly remarked, she supposed it had existed *about* as long as *murder.*

It being 10 o'clock, it was proposed that the reply to Mr. Benedict should be deferred until Thursday evening; and the meeting adjourned.

Friday morning, 28th.—"By my faith, the work goes bravely on!" The dead calm is broken; the spirit of '35 is aroused. Last evening, the court-room was crowded to suffocation. Never, to my knowledge, were there so many persons pressed into that room; and it is one of no mean dimensions. Abby, as usual, commenced with reading and commenting upon the Scriptures. She then alluded to an article in the city whig paper, in which her veracity was impugned, in relation to an error she fell into, respecting the fifteen thousand dollars which Henry Clay *spoke of* in his Indiana address. That all might understand, and that his spotless character might shine forth, that address must be read. When that was done, Abby applied her dissecting knife. The effect was electric. It was the spark to the magazine. The minions of slavery were at once aroused; the order of the meeting annihilated. A more threatening aspect I have not witnessed in any anti-slavery meeting, since the breaking up of the convention in this city, in 1835. The second edition of that scene came near being issued. When Abby found it impossible to proceed with her review, she threw aside the address, and remarked, that for a few moments she would forget the slave, and give them a *liberty address.* And such a castigation as she administered to those brawlers for liberty, those praters for democracy and freedom, will not soon be forgotten. She carried them back to the days of our fathers, when they landed upon these shores, in search of liberty; she traced them up to the revolution; showed the free spirit of that age, the love of freedom which dwelt in the breasts of those men, and contrasting them with the present age, showed our "decline and fall" from that period; cited them to the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Boston, broken up by "gentlemen of property and standing;" to the sacking of houses in New-York; to the burning of Pennsylvania Hall; to the murder of Lovejoy at Alton; to the trampling down of the right of petition; to the smothering of free discussion.

Such a scathing rebuke I never witnessed. It had its effect. They withered beneath her scorching truths, and for an hour or more remained upon their feet, calmly listening to her remarks. She effectually "bearded the lion in his den." Whether it will produce any lasting effect, I know not; but this I know, the dead calm is broken, and discussion must follow.

Abby did not close her address until about 1-4 past 10 o'clock; and until the last moment, the house was crowded. She lectures again to-morrow evening. R.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENT.

SCHUYLKILL, 10th Mo. 3d, 1842.

We, the undersigned, members of the Society of Friends, residing on the borders of Chester and Montgomery counties, have full unity with the declaration of sentiments against the proceedings of the New-York Monthly meeting, toward Isaac T. Hopper and other worthy members of our society, which appeared in the Anti-Slavery Standard of the 8th of 9th Mo. last.

Elijah T. Pennypacker,	Wm. Fussell,
Edwin H. Coates,	Jane Fussell,†
E. M. Jacobs,	Jas. Fussell, jr.†
John Barnitt,*	Esther Ann Fussell,†
Thos. Hopkins,	James Wood,
Eleanor Barnitt,	Ann Pugh,
Susan J. Hopkins,	Joseph Roberts,
Amelia Jacobs,	Mary Roberts,
Sarah H. Coates,	Martha Matlack,
Hannah Coates,	Deborah G. Matlack,
Rebecca F. Trimble,	Mary R. Matlack.
Elizabeth R. Lewis,	

* Let all true Quakers respond.

† Remember the dying testimony of Elias Hicks on the subject of slavery.

LAST LETTER FROM DR. CHANNING.

The following letter gave me so much comfort and strength at the time I received it, and has since become so consecrated by the death of the writer, that I feel some reluctance in giving it to the public. But the beautiful tenderness and humility of its spirit may bless other souls, as it blessed mine; therefore I give it to the world, suppressing only such portions as related to myself, personally, and therefore not of general interest.—L. M. C.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You see I reciprocate your "familiar and affectionate phrase," and I do it heartily. There are indeed few people whom I address in this way, for I fear to use language stronger than my feelings. I shrink so much even from the appearance of flattering words, that I not unfrequently smother affections which struggle for utterance. But I grow freer, as I grow older. Age has no freezing influence, and the inward fountain gushes out more naturally. To *you* I ought to open my heart, after what you have told me of the good which a loving, cheering word does you. I am conscious of having suffered so little for truth and humanity, that I almost questioned my *right* to send you those encouraging words. I thank you for your gratitude. It shows me that I can do more than I believed, by such friendly expressions.

* * * * * * * * *

I understand fully your language about reform as your *workshop.* I fear I understand it too well; that is, I am too prone to shrink from the work. Reform is resistance of rooted corruptions and evils; and my tendency is to turn away from the contemplation of evils. My mind turns to the good, the perfect, the beautiful. It is a degree of torture to bring near and vividly to my apprehension what man is suffering from his own crimes, and from the wrong and cruelty of his brother. No perfection of Art expended on purely tragic and horrible subjects, can reconcile me to them. It is only from a sense of duty that I ever read a narrative of guilt or wo in the papers. When, indeed, the darkness is lighted up by *moral* greatness or beauty, I can endure, and even enjoy it.

You see I am poor material for a reformer; but on this very account, the work is good for me. I need it; not, as many do, to give me excitement—for I find enough, perhaps too much, to excite me, in the common experience of life, in meditation, in abstract truth. But I need it to save me from a refined selfishness; to give me force, disinterestedness, true dignity, and elevation; to link me by a new faith to God, and to my race by a deeper love; and to make me a blessing to the world.

I know not how far I have explained *your* shrinking from the work of reform; but, be the cause what it may, let us not turn away from the Cross—but willingly and gratefully accept it, when God lays it upon us: And He ever lays it on us, whenever He penetrates our hearts with a deep feeling of the degradation, miseries, oppressions, and crimes of our human brethren, and awakens within us longings for their redemption. In thus calling us, he imposes on us a burden such as the ancient prophets groaned under. We must "drink of the cup," and "be baptized with the baptism" of our Master. We must expect persecution in some form or other; but this is a light matter, compared with the painful necessity of fixing our eyes and souls on *evil*, and with the frequent apparent failure of our labors. Here, *here* is the trial! Could we but lift up our fellow-creatures *at once* to the happiness and excellence we aspire after, then what a joy would reform be! But, suppose that we remove a few pressing evils, how many remain! What a cloud still hangs over the earth! Sometimes evil seems to grow under the very efforts made to repress it. Were it not for our *faith*, who could persevere? But *with* this faith, what a secret, sustaining joy mixes with sincere labors for humanity. The little we accomplish becomes to us a pledge of something infinitely greater. We know that the brighter futurity, which our hearts yearn for, is *not* a dream; that good *is* to triumph over evil, and to triumph through the sacrifices of the good.

You see I would wed you and myself to reform. Yet we must be something *more* than reformers. We must give our nature a free chance. We must be careful not to wither it by too narrow modes of action. We are better reformers, because calmer and wiser, because we have more weapons to work with, if we give a wide range to the affections, thought, imagination, and taste. We must be cheerful, too, in our war with evil; for gloom is apt to become sullenness, ill-humor, and bitterness.

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Your sincere friend,
WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

BRITISH INDIA.

By the politeness of Lewis Tappan, we are favored with the following extract of a letter to him from Mr. Scoble, of England:

"The measures adopted by our government in relation to India, are said to be as follows, though we have no official notification as yet upon the subject. First, that whatever is construed by the general law of India to be an offense when committed against a *freeman*, shall be so considered if perpetrated on a slave. Secondly, that all slaves there shall have a legal right to hold *property*; and that their masters, as heretofore, shall have no claim to it whatever. Thirdly, that, from the promulgation of the regulation, it shall be illegal to buy and sell free children, under any circumstances whatever. Fourthly, that all children henceforth born of slave parents shall be free.

These regulations, important as they are, and leading, as they ultimately will, to the entire extinction of slavery in that part of the British dominions, do not satisfy us. We can take nothing short of the immediate and entire extinction of the evil. It will narrow, however, the sphere of our duties, and we shall henceforth have to seek only the deliverance of those held in bondage, who may be so left by the regulations.

In the British settlements in the East, embracing Malacca, Singapore, Penang, and Province Wellesley, it is understood that the fiat has gone forth, that slavery shall be no more. Our report in reference to Ceylon is not quite so favorable; though we have good ground for believing that it cannot exist there much longer."

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXIII.

The Traitor.

The following affecting incident occurred, I think, about the year 1810. In relating it, I use the fictitious name of James Austin, because I am unwilling to wound the feelings of his respectable relations, descended from an ancient and worthy family of Friends, in New Jersey. His predecessor filled a highly responsible station under the government in that province, as early as 1703, and was among the first who emigrated to that part of the country from England.

James resided some years in Philadelphia. He removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where he married, and was disowned by the Society of Friends, of which he was born a member. He engaged in mercantile business, and followed it several years, when he returned to Philadelphia, and soon after became bankrupt. I was acquainted with him a considerable time. From his plausible conversation and manners, in connection with the respectability of his family, I had formed rather a favorable opinion of him. After his pecuniary difficulties, being out of business and at leisure, he called frequently to see me. He informed me that his wife owned a farm near Charleston, and that he had concluded to remove there and cultivate it; but as he could not conscientiously employ slaves, he found great difficulty in procuring laborers. He, therefore, proposed hiring free people in Philadelphia, and asked my assistance; saying that he could readily engage as many as he wanted, if I would satisfy them that there would be no danger of being reduced to slavery there. The plan appeared plausible, and I concluded to assist him in carrying it out.

In a few days, I was called upon by two colored men, who had agreed to go with him, provided I thought well of it. There was on my mind a strong impression that they had better not go. I could assign no reason for it; but it was so strong, that I resolved to obey it. I, therefore, told the men that I had given James Austin reason to suppose I would assist him in procuring some colored people to go with him to South Carolina; but since then I had changed my mind; and I thought they had better stay where they were. They communicated this to him, and he soon called upon me. He seemed surprised, and dwelt with considerable energy upon the great advantage it would be to the men to go with him. I told him it was all in vain to reason upon the subject; for the more I thought of it, the more uncomfortable I felt; that I had no cause to suspect him of dishonest or dishonorable motives, but the impression of danger was so powerful on my mind, that I could not conscientiously have any agency in encouraging colored laborers to go with him.

Not succeeding in this enterprise, he went to New Jersey, and took up his abode with his father, who, as I have said, was a worthy and consistent member of the Society of Friends. While there, an aged colored man who had escaped from the house of bondage in Virginia, was engaged in his service as a laborer on the farm. James soon ingratiated himself in the old man's favor, and obtained his confidence. He promised, if he would tell him to whom he belonged, and the place of his residence, he would write to his owner and buy his time; and then he might work for his father, until the amount he might pay for him should be liquidated. The honest-hearted old man, suspecting no treachery, readily complied, and opened himself fully to this deceitful fellow. He wrote, sure enough; but not with the view of procuring the freedom of his confiding victim. In a short time, a person arrived from Virginia, with full power to arrest the slave and take him to the place whence he had escaped. He was accordingly seized, put in irons, and conveyed to prison in Philadelphia. Being informed that a fugitive was in jail, I went immediately to see him. The poor old man, with a breaking heart, and a mournful countenance, suffused with tears, related to me the circumstances attending his capture. He said he saw the agent of his claimant pay his betrayer fifty dollars, the reward of his treachery. He lamented bitterly that he had been so deceived. "I thought he was a Quaker, and might be trusted," said he. I informed him James Austin was no Quaker; that I did not believe there was a Quaker upon the face of the earth, who was so lost to all sense of honor and justice. He replied, "There is where I was deceived." The family of James was greatly afflicted when they came to the knowledge of the circumstances.

My heart ached for the poor sufferer; but it was not in my power to relieve him. I bade him an affectionate farewell, for I felt that I loved him. I never saw or heard from him afterwards. I found, upon inquiry, that he was an innocent, good-tempered man, and had obtained the affectionate regard of the family where he had taken refuge.

My indignation was kindled against the perfidious wretch, who, for a few dollars, had been the means of heaping so much misery upon one who trusted him as his friend and benefactor. I now was fully convinced that his motive in endeavoring to prevail on laborers to go to Charleston, was of the same mercenary character; and the impression on my mind was not in vain.

The day after parting with the poor fellow in prison, I wrote a letter to James Austin. I have not a copy; but I remember it, as well as if it were written yesterday:

JAMES AUSTIN—Yesterday I visited the poor old man in prison, whom thou hast so perfidiously betrayed. Gloomy and hopeless as his case is, I would prefer it to thine. Thou hast received $50, as the reward of thy treachery; but what good can it do thee? Canst thou lay down thy head at night, and not feel the bitter goadings of a guilty conscience? Canst thou ask forgiveness for thy sins of our Heavenly Father, whom thou has so grievously insulted by thy hypocrisy? Judas betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver, and afterwards hung himself; thou hast betrayed thy brother for *fifty*; and if thy conscience is not seared, as with a hot iron, thy compunction must be great. I feel no disposition to upbraid thee. Thy own heart, I have no doubt, does that sufficiently; for our beneficent Creator will not suffer any to be at ease in their sins.

Thy friend,
ISAAC T. HOPPER.

I never saw James Austin afterwards. He has been dead several years.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 3, 1842.

CLAY AND SLAVERY.

The reply of Mr. Clay to the petition of two thousand citizens of Indiana, praying him to liberate those he is holding in slavery, contains many things to cause regret, and some to excite indignation.

Mr. Clay reproves our Indiana friends for presenting themselves to *him*, their fellow-citizen and equal, in the attitude of *petitioners*. This reproof was proper. From the first notice of this affair, I felt it as a humiliation, that such a form of communication had been selected. But whatever impropriety there may have been in it, as regards the institutions of the country, and a becoming self-respect of its citizens, it was in nowise disrespectful or unkind to Mr. Clay. It was obviously intended to be altogether the contrary. Yet Mr. Clay complains of the petition as "a personal indignity." Alas, what shall the friends of the poor slave do? If we petition the legislature, it is *treason*; if an individual, it is *insult!* Perhaps, if Mr. Clay will reflect candidly, he will perceive some excuse for using the form of petition *out* of place; since he and his friends have destroyed the right of petition when exercised in its *proper* place. This petition from his fellow-citizens was somewhat of a degradation to them, but no indignity to him.

Mr. Clay admits the declaration that "all men are created equal," to be true *in the abstract*. This is admitted by writers in favor of absolute monarchy. *They* agree that all men are *naturally* equal; but they contend for the inequality which is established, or which may be established by *law*, however it may have originated, whether in force, fraud, or crime. In this respect Mr. Clay, the *Machiavelists*, and the *Hobbists*, are precisely upon a par.

Mr. Clay also admits that "slavery is a great national and political evil." He has often made this admission, in terms much stronger. Yet, in his speech in the Senate of the United States, January 7, 1839, he declared that he was "opposed to any scheme whatever of emancipation, gradual or immediate." What a contradiction is here! How barefaced and abhorrent would this inconsistency appear to the American mind,

"If damned custom had not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense."

Mr. Clay takes it for granted either that "amalgamation, that revolting admixture, alike offensive to God and man," or a scene of universal massacre, and the ultimate extirpation of the blacks, must be the consequence of emancipation. Now it is an error or a misrepresentation to affirm that this is the only alternative. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that it is so, let us see how the case stands now. It is notorious, and Mr. Clay will not venture to deny, that slaves of the mixed race, especially *women*, bring more in the market than pure blacks. It is also notorious, and Mr. Clay will not venture to deny, that a system of breeding especially *for the market*, is established and pursued in Kentucky, and half a dozen other old slave States. It follows, that the farmers, and planters, from the same motives that they raise slaves at all for the market, will prefer to raise them of the mixed breed; in other words, on "the amalgamation, that revolting admixture" system. Add to this, the universal licentiousness resulting from the unrestrained control of profligate whites over a million of women slaves; and none can be surprised at the result stated by Dr. Nelson, formerly a slaveholder, that "thousands on thousands are becoming whiter and whiter." The first part of Mr. Clay's terrible alternative is, then, already taking place, with an unchecked, nay, an accelerated rapidity, under the very system of slavery! If amalgamation be "offensive to God," then has slavery this, in addition to its other manifold sins, to answer for. How "offensive" it is "to *man*," is shown by the above facts. Amalgamation may go on after emancipation. It is probable that it will, to some extent, especially at the South, where they have the habit of it; but that emancipation would very much diminish it, is perfectly apparent.

The remaining branch of Mr. Clay's objection to the removal of "a great national and political evil," is, that inasmuch as the unholy admixture can never take place, "war, carnage, devastation, and the ultimate extinction or expulsion" of the black race, must be the inevitable consequence. Mr. Clay adduces no argument to show this; he simply asserts it. "Nothing (says he) is more certain." It seems to me that there is one thing more certain; and that is, that Mr. Clay is either quite unacquainted with the history of emancipation, or has not looked into it with that attention which its importance demands; especially of a man and a statesman, situated as he is.

What, in brief, is that history? Under the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, or any heathen or pagan people, ancient or modern, no general emancipation ever occurred. Individual cases were constantly occurring. In these, the masters were so far from anticipating their own destruction, or any injury whatever to themselves or their families, from the hand of the freed man, that they invariably calculated upon their *gratitude*; and actually provided by law that if a freedman was guilty of *ingratitude* to his manumittor, he should be again reduced to slavery.

The first general emancipation was that which took place among Christians, in conformity to a canon of the Church in the twelfth century. That canon forbade the holding of *Christians* as slaves. Did murder and conflagration ensue? Nothing of the kind. Was any private wrong, or breach of the public peace, committed by the emancipated? If there was, history has not recorded it.

Another extensive emancipation of chattel slaves was that of the Hottentots at the Cape of Good Hope. Previous to this event, awful predictions were uttered of the cutting of throats, and spitting of children on pikes. But not a man, woman, or child, was molested. In July, 1828, 30,000 Hottentots passed from the lowest degree of servile degradation, to the enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of whites. Who has heard of the throats cut, houses burned, and vineyards and cattle destroyed at the Cape of Good Hope? The free Hottentots have built many houses for dwellings and for schools, planted vineyards, and stocked and cultivated farms; but they have destroyed none.

A large body of American slaves, who took refuge with the British army, during the war of the revolution, were settled as freemen in the island of Trinidad. They and their descendants are now the owners of about one-half the shipping and other property in the island; and at the latest accounts I have seen, there were no paupers among them. Who has heard of the crimes of those suddenly emancipated Americans? The world has heard of their industry, enterprise, and wealth, but none has yet told of their seditions and crimes. Will Mr. Clay be good enough to tell us of them? And these were *American* slaves; just such as, if liberated here, would, according to Mr. Clay, commit "carnage and devastation" all over the land. When will men of sense have done with these stale "raw-head and bloody-bones" prophecies, which, in every experiment, in every country, have thus far been falsified!

In the course of a few years, slavery was abolished throughout the South American republics; and the slave presses of the United States have reported no massacres, no murders, no house-burnings, nor even heart-burnings, as resulting from it.

But the great and decisive experiment, is that of the British West Indies. Here are six to ten blacks to every white; most of them girted within small localities by the ocean, so that scarcely a white could have escaped, if the emancipated black had been the insensate and bloody brute which the enemies of justice and freedom represent. In this case, the predictions of "carnage and devastation" were loud and reiterated, in proportion to the extent of the proposed change. But not a life was taken, not a dwelling violated, not a breach of the peace committed, upon the acquisition of liberty, throughout all those islands. So manifest and complete has been the failure of all the pretended ill-consequences of emancipation, that such champions of chains and slavery *there*, as "the orator of the West" is *here*, have been compelled to change the issue from the cutting of throats, and the conflagration of cities and dwellings, to the boiling of a little more or less sugar, and the distilling of a little more or less rum! This fact speaks decisively in favor of the safety of emancipation; and its *safety* is the only condition which I understand Mr. Clay to demand.

Thus has emancipation proved perfectly peaceful and safe wherever it has been tried. The case of *St. Domingo* was not one of emancipation, but of revolution; and it is no more reproach to it that it was attended with "war, carnage, and devastation," than it is to our own revolution.

In this speech, as in the senate, Mr. Clay places the justification of holding his fellow-men in bondage solely upon the law of his State. He makes no attempt to vindicate slavery on the grounds of justice, morality, and natural right. "That is property which the law declares to be property." He who has applauded and essentially aided the overthrow of law and government in every quarter of the world, for the sake of liberty, now falls back upon *law* as a sufficient defense of the most execrable tyranny that exists on the face of the earth! "Alas, poor human nature!" Mr. Clay avows and justifies, under the plea of *law*, the subjecting of men to a bondage, "one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which" he has instigated the Greeks, the South Americans, and the Spaniards, to obtain by the subversion of all law! Nay, more; one of the most common grounds on which his election to the chief magistracy is recommended, is, that he *has* thus instigated the slaves of *other* countries to revolt!

Mr. Clay says: "Without any knowledge of the relations in which I stand to *my slaves*, or their individual condition, you, Mr. Mendenhall, and your associates, who have been active in getting up this petition, call upon me forthwith to liberate the whole of them." Mr. Clay then proceeds to explain that one class of them are aged and infirm; another class infants; and a third, so much attached to their chains, that they would not suffer them to be knocked off!

It seems to me an insult to American citizens to suppose them so ignorant of the inestimable value of liberty, as not to be capable of judging whether it ought at all times to be preferred to slavery. But to enter a little into detail. The aged and infirm Mr. Clay cannot emancipate, because they would *starve*. Indeed! would not the same bread which maintains them as slaves, maintain them as freemen? And would not that bread be sweetened by a sense of freedom? I have heard of several cases of emancipation, where the slaves had arrived at extreme old age; and in every one, the annunciation of the act of enfranchisement had a sudden and renovating effect upon them. They invariably returned thanks to God, and expressed joy that they should die *freemen*. As this class of Mr. Clay's slaves are unprofitable, and "a charge" to him as slaves, and could be no worse than that as freemen, it would seem as if he must have a disinterested love of slavery, to retain them till death in their bonds. I venture to say that those aged and infirm persons, if left to the free use of their remaining faculties, and incited and pleased with the hope of possessing something, however small, of their own, would voluntarily and cheerfully relieve Mr. Clay of a part of the charge of their maintenance, although he himself should choose, and should be bound by the laws of his State, to consider their claims upon him as undiminished.

As to the next class, that of "helpless infants," some of whom he intimates have "improvident mothers," Mr. Clay asks, "Do you believe, as a Christian, that I should perform my duty to them by abandoning them to their fate?"

The improvidence of slave mothers must, as a general thing, be considered the fault of their masters; who, among other unspeakable wrongs, deprive them of the feeling of responsibility, and of the sobering influences of care. Is it a reproach to them to be improvident? They have not been permitted to be otherwise. They could be nothing, and possess nothing, but what was their master's; and if they were provident, it would be his providence, and for *his* purposes, not theirs.

But will Mr. Clay be obliged to abandon "helpless infants," if he converts them from chattels to children, and thus renders every care bestowed upon them of ten thousand fold value to them? He recommends to the petitioners to go home, and "comfort the helpless orphans, feed and help the poor." Of course, he means *free* orphans, and *free* poor. Is Mr. Clay's charity of so peculiar a nature that it can be dispensed only to *slaves?* If not, then his advice to Mr. Mendenhall and his associates applies to himself; and it would permit no cessation or diminution of his care and kindness towards "helpless infants," after he had made them free; especially if he reflects that he himself was probably the sole cause of the improvidence of their mothers. But as liberty has been known to make old men leap with the elasticity of youth, it may render negligent and reckless mothers careful and provident. In that case, the burden of "the helpless infants" might be much lightened, if not wholly removed from Mr. Clay's shoulders. Nothing is said of the fathers of the infants. It is quite probable that those infants, agreeably to the system of American slavery, never *had* fathers, otherwise than as the four-footed animals of the farm have them. Of this, also, Mr. Clay, so far at least as his slaves are concerned, is the cause. And I ask him whether, "as a Christian," he is not, on that account, under obligations superadded to those he so eloquently urges upon Mr. Mendenhall, to comfort "the helpless orphans?" At all events, Mr. Clay may feel assured, that if he wishes to relinquish his grasp upon those young immortals, and is deterred only by fears for "their fate," hundreds and thousands will be ready, at the shortest notice, to charge themselves with the care and education of them; and will never ask him to expend a picayune, or a thought, upon either.

And now, as to the remaining class; viz. those "who would not accept their freedom, if he would give it to

them." In the first place, no slaveholder can *know* whether his slaves would accept their freedom, until he has given unequivocal proof of a desire to set them free. Slavery is a system of violence on the one side, and deceit on the other. When slaves are asked, in a casual and ordinary way, perhaps before strangers, for the very purpose of deception, whether they are contented, whether they love their owners, or wish to be free, a true response cannot be expected from them. They do not know but such response would bring upon them new restraints, deprivations, and hardships; perhaps a savage infliction of the lash, or a transfer to that hell of the slave, a plantation of the Southwest. A slave has nothing to oppose to the tyranny and violence of owners and overseers, except cunning. And if they are as familiar with the arts of cunning, as their masters are with acts of violence, it needs no argument to show that they must be consummate adepts in all the modes of falsehood and dissimulation.

But if Mr. Clay has a real love of liberty, and just appreciation of its value, as a means of developing the human faculties, and securing human happiness; and if, as a consequence, he really desires to set his slaves free, why should he care whether *they* desire liberty, or not? If they do not desire it, this fact shows how deplorably slavery has done its work upon their souls.—"If you have made a happy slave," says Burke, "you have made a degraded man." If slaves *pretend* that they do not wish for liberty, (and I must maintain that it is never anything *but* pretense,) a really just and benevolent man, a true lover of liberty, and a consistent republican, would reason thus with them, and with himself: Liberty is an *inalienable* right. By the law of nature, and by the American Declaration of Rights, no man can part with it for himself, much less for his posterity. And for this plain reason, that he has no right to renounce the duties, to the performance of which liberty is essential. If a man has no right to *sell* his liberty, he has no right to refuse a *restitution* of it, when it has been wrested. This stands on the same ground as a renunciation of it when it has not been taken away. It follows that my slave, if he can be so dead to the charms of celestial liberty, as to prefer the hideous monster, slavery, does an act which is null and void, by the law of God, and the American Bill of Rights—therefore, I am bound to disregard his refusal to accept of liberty, and to confer it upon him, whether he will or no. All good and kind-hearted persons often *do* favors, which the recipients decline, and sometimes would fain avoid. And shall I refrain from conferring the greatest earthly favor, and doing an act of the highest justice, because my slave refuses his assent to it? Have I disregarded his will for the purpose of doing him the greatest injuries, robbing, scourging, and fettering him; and shall I show a new-born tenderness for his wishes, just as my conscience prompts me to do him a great act of justice and benevolence? Far, far from my soul be such self-delusion. Away with this miserable pretense!

I ought to say to my bondmen, "You refuse the boon I propose to you. Had I instructed you in the rights and duties of men and Christians, you *could* not refuse it. But reflect. The restoration of your right to be free, does not involve a separation from old associations and friendships. The *free* service of my house, and my estate, is open to you and yours. I would change nothing but the tenure. I would substitute free will for fetters, and wages for stripes. This I feel constrained to do, even if you refuse it. For if, like some brutified inebriates, you have no regard to your own well-being, you ought to have some for that of your children, and your children's children. At all events, I feel bound by my sense of justice, and my love and veneration for freedom, (to which I owe all that I am,) to do you this great good, whether you consent or not. I must rather believe that you deceive me, and perhaps yourselves, in withholding your consent, than that any human being *can* be more dull and degraded than the brute creation, and prefer fetters to freedom. If, notwithstanding the wrong I have done you, you still find it in your hearts to love me, and abide with me, remember that the first use you make of your liberty may be, if you chose, in contracting to remain with me. On the contrary, if you continue my slaves, neither your choice nor mine can always prevent a separation, even during our lives. As slaves, you may at any time be torn from me, for the payment of my debts; as freemen, we can never be separated, except by our own choice, until death shall divide us. Therefore, your very aversion to a separation from me, ought to induce you to accept the boon of liberty the more gladly; because this is the only possible security for the perpetuity of the union you so generously desire."

Such, I humbly conceive, would be the language really "worthy" of Mr. Clay, instead of resorting to the wretched subterfuge of the *laws* of his State, (the code of Turks and Turcomans,) and the other paltry, hypocritical shifts to which he resorts, for his more full vindication. These, weak as they would be if united, fall out with one another. Mr. Clay shows how little he is satisfied with the title to property in man which mere *law* can confer, by flinging it to the winds, as soon as he warms with his subject; and by alledging reasons referable to the law of *kindness*, and to sentiments of *humanity* alone. Now, although these reasons are unsatisfactory, the resort to them does credit to his natural *impulses*, and furnishes lamentable proof of the perversion which the corrupting and blighting influences of slavery have wrought in a noble nature.

Mr. Clay pays some cutting compliments to the Quakers, for the quietude in which *their* abolitionism leaves the slaveholders.

The strongest objection is not to any particular part or sentiment of this speech, but to the haughty, and contemptuous tone, which pervades the whole of it. Mr. Clay affects to rebuke the signers of the petition for addressing their equal in that form; and yet he replies to them, in a manner so dictatorial and sneering, that they might well consider themselves insulted, if they were far his inferiors. His comparison between the petitioners and his slaves, was a cold-blooded attempt to excite low and contemptuous mirth, and to raise a ribald laugh, at the expense of citizens, who had approached him in the most respectful manner, for a most noble purpose; and with motives, which Mr. Clay declares that he himself respects. I look upon this speech as more offensive than anything Mr. Clay has ever uttered against the cause of liberty. I consider it peculiarly insulting to freedom, because it manifests such cool contempt for its most sacred principles, and a haughty and disdainful temper towards all its supporters.

Mr. Clay advises, or rather *enjoins*, that they "limit their benevolent operations to their own neighborhood." They do so now; for they regard all men as their "neighbors." But with what grace does this injunction come from Mr. Clay, who has done his worst to stir up the oppressed to deeds of blood against their masters, in both hemispheres? When abolitionists shall do as much to excite to revolution those who have much more *cause* for vengeance, then I shall admit that they are justly obnoxious to severe rebuke.—D. L. C.

THE COURSE OF THE STANDARD.

In answer to one or two letters from friendly and candid spirits, I will proceed to make a few statements in relation to the general course of the Standard, for the last year and a half. With excited opponents I enter into no controversy; for against that mode of expending moral and intellectual energy I have more than a distaste; I have the settled convictions of my conscience. Luckily, "it takes two to fight;" and if one *will* not, the other *can* not.

When I was first requested to take charge of the Standard, I stated distinctly that under no circumstances whatever, how great soever might be the apparent necessity, would I descend into the narrow and crooked paths of personal and party controversy. I had long seen and felt the need of an anti-slavery paper to gain the ear of those who knew but little on the subject. I did not believe that all the American people were knowingly and wickedly pro-slavery, except those called abolitionists. I knew there was a large and increasing class, who might be reached by earnest appeals to reason and conscience, by the calm application of universal principles of truth and justice to the subject of American slavery; undisturbed by the conflicting theories of individuals, or the clashing creeds of sect and party. I *knew* that this would seem like an effort to secure popular favor, and would be called so. I simply thought it was a department of labor much neglected in the anti-slavery cause, and the only one for which I was fitted, by temperament and character.

I was likewise aware that I should be charged with violating free discussion. I do not edit the Standard to discuss freely all the points on which abolitionists differ. It would need a large paper, and plenty of type, to do that. My business is, not to please abolitionists, but to convince the people. What if the paper were opened to every wind of doctrine? Would it not soon be utterly worthless for the object I have in view?

With regard to defending individual abolitionists from charges brought against them, I ought to be freely discharged from that service, for two reasons: The first is, that I never attack individuals; and the second is, that I never defend myself. I was early impressed with the wisdom of Sir Isaac Newton's example. His astronomical theories were at variance with the received opinions of the day, and the French astronomers, and others, attacked him in various forms of contemptuous ridicule. His friends urged the necessity of replying to those charges; but Sir Isaac, under every provocation and intreaty, replied, "I am too busy making experiments, to sustain my theory. The truth can take care of itself."

In pursuing the course, which my judgment marked out as best for the general dissemination of anti-slavery principles, I have intended to be as irrespective of sect or party, as I have of the scattered tribes of Israel. One proof that I have succeeded, is, that complaints come from the most opposite quarters. One man complains of the severity with which Henry Clay and Daniel Webster are attacked; and informs me that he "has no idea of having loco-focoism forced down his throat, in the disguise of anti-slavery." Another man complains of "whig tendencies," because Governor Seward is abundantly praised for the noble anti-slavery work he has done; and because whig votes are honorably recorded in favor of the right of petition, when there *are* no democratic votes to *be* thus honorably recorded. I long ago wrote to Mr. O'Sullivan, to inform me whenever his party did anything which evinced a cordial detestation of American slavery, in keeping with the free principles they profess. Whenever one of their candidates renders as noble service to anti-slavery, as Governor Seward has done, I shall be glad to inscribe his name in golden characters. Some have been aggrieved that John Quincy Adams's administration was shown, in an editorial article, to have been subservient to the slave power; another complains that John Quincy Adams is always glorified, and his short-comings concealed, or glossed over. A Quaker from Pennsylvania writes, "I believe it is impossible for thee to see anything good in the society to which I belong." A voice from Connecticut cries out, that the Standard is a sectarian Quaker paper.

When I hear these conflicting accusers, I smile, and wish them, one and all, a wider vision. The difficulty is, each one considers his party *attacked*, if it is not *sustained*.

A correspondent inquires, with friendly anxiety, why I inserted Mr. Slade's letter so near the elections? I could not help being amused at the depth of *design* implied in the question. In good truth, I did not *know* that the elections occurred in November. In the papers, I always pass over everything headed "whig" or "loco-foco;" and to this day I am utterly ignorant of the meaning of "That old Coon," or "Crow, Chapman, crow." This may seem incredible to those eaten up with political zeal; being full of party plans themselves, they will not easily believe that the whole turmoil which seems to them so important, may pass by another mind like the buzzing of flies in September. But it is even so; my sin is that I *forgot* the elections. I happened to find Mr. Slade's letter in some exchange paper; and supposed that many abolitionists would like to know what was his state of mind. I inserted it, without thinking of anything but the interest we all feel in the movements of Adams, Giddings, Slade, &c. not as direct anti-slavery efforts, but as collateral aids, in which we all rejoice.

A few weeks ago, a friend said to me, "Luther Bradish is nominated for governor; and you ought to mention how he stands on anti-slavery." I accordingly hunted up Mr. Bradish's reply to abolitionists, and put in contrast with it his recent pledge to support Henry Clay. Having a great resistance to being bound by tests myself, I left intelligent abolitionists to judge for themselves, from the premises presented. But if any one is curious to know my individual opinion, I will inform him that I cannot conceive it possible to vote for Luther Bradish, or any other man, who sustains Henry Clay, if the soul is throughly imbued with a detestation of slavery.

I inquired what stand the democratic candidate for Governor had taken on the subject, and was informed that he had taken no stand at all. I therefore passed him by; perfect impartiality being my only object.

The whig and democratic parties are both pro-slavery to the core. So far as relates to sympathy for the *slave*, or respect for *his* rights, they seem to me to stand upon a par. So far as relates to the rights of the *North*, the conduct of the whigs has been far more courageous and noble than that of the opposite party; witness every vote in Congress where this question was at issue. Without analysing their motives, I am willing to give them such degree of credit as the service deserves; but I would not trust them with the interests of the *slave*, any sooner than I would the party more obviously distinguished by its subserviency to the South.

My correspondent informs me that one of the editors of the Standard has been accused of voting and hurrawing for Harrison. I answer, that no truthful and well-informed abolitionist would make this charge. When Harrison was first nominated for the presidency, Mr. Child's hopes were excited, because he knew that he had emancipated his slaves, and belonged to an old abolition society. With these hopes, he attended the first Harrison meeting held in Northampton; and made a speech so strongly anti-slavery, that the next speaker remarked it was a pity to have the attention of the meeting drawn from whig principles "to subjects of minor importance." To which Mr. Child replied, "Of *major* importance, not minor." Subsequent developments completely disgusted him with Harrison. He never attended another meeting, or took any part whatsoever in the contagious excitement of the election. Repeated letters urged him to deliver speeches in the neighboring towns, and they came to our door in wagon loads, with horses decorated and banners flying. To all these persuasions, he answered, "Harrison has behaved so basely on the subject of abolition, that I will have nothing to do with him." He never voted for him, and never hurrawed for him. The fact was publicly stated in the Standard over his own signature, a long time ago; and if those abolitionists who repeat the misstatement are not aware of the fact, I can only say they ought to inform themselves.

With regard to the "Liberty Party," I have expressed my views in a spirit which I intended to be perfectly kind and courteous. I believe a distinct political anti-slavery organization is shallow in its philosophy, injurious in its tendency, and at variance with the original purpose and character of the American Anti-Slavery Society. This last proposition is shown plainly enough by various manifestations of sentiment put forth by men now conspicuous in the liberty party, when *they* undertook to define the character and object of the American Society, with heads unintoxicated by the excitement of elections.

In the annual report of that society, 1838, it is declared:

"Abolitionists have resolved, from the first, to act upon slavery politically, *not by organizing a new political party*, but ☞ by making it the interest of the parties already existing to act upon abolition principles. . . . During the year, this principle has produced the happiest results."

In the annual report for 1837, the following caution was thrown out:

"It is to be expected that some political wolves will put on the clothing of abolitionism, and seek to elevate themselves, and manage the anti-slavery organization to secure their own purposes. But they ought to be met on the threshold, and stripped of their disguise. The best safeguard against their entrance, is for abolitionists, while they firmly refuse to vote for a man who will not support abolition measures, to avoid setting up candidates of their own."

In the same report it is said—

"Let it be understood that, so far as we act politically, it is only to carry a political measure; and that, in doing this, we have no preference to employ the men who have been most active and successful in the moral struggle with the people."

In the report of the society for 1836, it was explicitly announced—

"This society [speaking in the name of the whole enterprise] has no rewards to bestow but those of a good conscience. We have opened, AND SHALL OPEN *no road to political preferment*. The moment the cause shall have become popular, *it will have accomplished its object*; and if any have hoped to ascend by it to earthly glory, they will find themselves on the ground."

At the annual meeting in New-York in 1838, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That *we shall deprecate the organization of any abolition political party*; but that we recommend to abolitionists throughout the country to vote, irrespective of party, for those only who will advocate the principles of universal liberty."

From the report of 1838, we copy the following declaration:

"The great end at which we aim is, to subvert the relation of master and slave—☞ not by *machinery*, political or ecclesiastical, but by establishing in the hearts of men a deep and wide-spread conviction of the brotherhood of the human race."

This platform of 1838 is precisely the one on which the society now rests, and on which I endeavor to edit the Standard, with all honesty of purpose, and such judgment as I have. As for management, I should not know how to make use of it, if I would. I claim it as no merit; it is a simple fact that I CANNOT do it—as I cannot dance with swords balanced on my nose.

I always have believed, and still believe, that by diligent and persevering efforts to enlighten public sentiment, we should act *on* political parties, and that very powerfully; that the formation of a third political party retards, and for the present, almost prevents this legitimate result of anti-slavery influence; that such a step makes our motives suspected, and deservedly so; and that under its influence even good men are in danger of becoming selfish and violent partisans.

My utter loathing of both pro-slavery parties has been too often and too plainly shown, to leave the least room for the idea that I could see any abolitionists acting *with* either of them, without unmitigated pain. The more he acts *on* them, by the dissemination of pure anti-slavery truth, the better. That the agents of the American Society are as little in love with the pro-slavery parties, as its editor, will be obvious enough to all those who read the record of their doings, or attend their meetings, to see how they are hated, hooted, and pelted, by whig and democrat. Those who will not look at these facts for themselves, cannot be convinced by my assertions.—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 40.

The story called Catochus on the last page, may be thought by many out of the limits of probability. Numerous cases are on record where people have recovered after every sign of death had been present for two or three days. Such cases are well known to physicians, under the term asphyxia. But the disease described in the thrilling sketch to which I have alluded, where the subject is conscious of being alive, while all others suppose him dead, is new to me. It is the utmost horror which human imagination can conceive.

A remarkable case, unaccompanied with the consciousness of being alive, occurred in my own family. The yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the city. Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death-carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass through each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rung a bell, and called, "Bring out your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to the burial-place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease. One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to *her* to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts, had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears; continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her intreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men again came, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to awaken any fears, or excite unpleasant impressions, by the recital of this story; but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this country; particularly in the newly settled parts of it. It seems to me there ought to be as much delay as possible; especially in cases of sudden death. I believe no nation buries with such haste as Americans. The ancients took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such cases should make friends careful to observe undoubted symptoms of dissolution before interment.

If we have not improved upon the ancients in this respect, we surely have not in our impersonations of death. Ever since the 14th century, the friendly hand that leads mortals to a higher existence has been represented by Christians as a frightful, grinning skeleton. The Greeks, notwithstanding their shadowy faith in a future existence, represented death as a gentle and beautiful youth; sometimes as a sleeping winged child, with an inverted torch resting on a wreath of flowers. Even Samael, the awful death-angel of the Hebrews, resembling our popular ideas of the devil, was always said to take away the souls of the young by a kiss.

The gloom with which we invest everything connected with this step from one existence to another, reveals plainly enough the weakness, or at least the indistinctness, of our faith in immortality. If we indeed believed that they who have gone from us are as truly living, loving, and sentient beings as ourselves, we could not "hang the heavens with black" as we do. It would be more consonant with Christian faith to have the hearse garlanded with flowers, and supported by golden-winged angels, pointing upward.

Of all the absurd customs handed down to us from benighted ages, few appear to me so irrational and unchristian, as that of wearing mourning for those mortals who have passed into immortality. The torture of attending to new garments when the heart is really weighed down with sorrow; the mockery of assuming them when it is not; the additional strength it gives to the idea of separation, which is only apparent, not real; and the practical denial to our children of that cheerful faith, which we attempt to teach them by our maxims, are strong reasons why mourning should be abolished. That the poor cannot afford it, ought to be a sufficient reason to kind and sympathizing hearts; for a custom intended to impress affection and respect for our lost ones, is not a mere matter of pride; it comes home to the heart. To be sure it *is* no standard of respect for the departed; but while the world choose so to consider it, it will always occasion a pang to be compelled to non-conformity by poverty. Under the influence of a high and serene faith, it becomes easy for all classes to renounce this absurd and inconvenient custom. Thousands, of various sects, already begin to marvel why it has so long been allowed to cast its gloomy shadow over an enlightened age. "We wear no black garments," say the friends of the excellent Henry G. Chapman; "for they would ill express our feelings."

Popular modes of speech are likewise wrong on this important subject. If we want our children to be impressed with a lively faith in immortality, we should not speak of people as dead, but as passed into another mode of existence. The body should be regarded as a suit of cast-off clothes, which the wearer has outgrown; consecrated indeed by the beloved being that used them for a season, but of no value within themselves.

Canova, in his monument to the Stuarts, in St. Peters, at Rome, has restored the lovely Grecian image, and represented death as a serene and beautiful youth. The approach of a more cheerful faith is likewise indicated by the increasing tendency to place the cast-off "time-garments" of our beloved ones in the midst of blooming flowers, and gentle streams. Protestant ideas of death have been strikingly more gloomy than those of Catholics; if they are fairly indicated by their customs. I have never known how to account for this, except by the fact that there is not such a feeling of separation between those who live on this side the rainbow bridge, and those who live on the other. The masses said for the dead, the prayers to saints to help their passage through the intermediate state, which they call purgatory, and the affectionate custom of daily placing wreaths and baskets of flowers on the tomb—all these keep alive a feeling of nearness between the living and those called dead.

A friend of mine, walking on the beach in Brazil, overtook a colored woman with a tray upon her head. Being asked what she had to sell, she lowered the tray, and with reverent tenderness uncovered it. It was the lifeless form of her babe, covered with a neat white robe, with a garland round the head, and flowers within the little hands, that lay clasped upon its bosom. "Is that your child?" said the traveller. "It *was* mine a few days ago," she replied; "but the Madonna has it for her little angel now." "How beautifully you have laid it out!" said he. She answered cheerfully, "Ah, what is that, to the bright wings it wears in Heaven."

Thanks, thanks, for the light that falls from that other world on this. Let us no longer cast between us and it the ghastly shadow of a skeleton. Let our customs, as well as our occasional sermons, teach the little ones whom we train for immortality, that nothing but the garment lies in the grave. "He is not here; he is risen."—L. M. C.

CLAY AND O'CONNELL.

Read the two speeches on the outside, and compare the "orator of the West" with him of the East. This speech of Clay's is more offensive than anything a slaveholder has ever uttered; for it has not the redeeming quality of frank, impulsive hatred to all that opposes slavery. The hatred is *there*; but clumsily disguised by a supercilious, hypocritical coolness, which he meant to have mistaken for courtesy. If any abolitionist has heretofore had a doubt about supporting Henry Clay, or anybody pledged to sustain him, we should suppose this speech would settle the question.

"WHO IS TO BLAME?"

This book, from which we copy on the outside, is written by James Grahame, Esq. distinguished as a writer, and good authority in matters relating to American history. He recently died at Paris, and this is his latest work. It is mainly in reply to a pamphlet published in London, in 1835, entitled, "A Letter to Lord Brougham, on the subject of American slavery; by an American." The pamphlet, which called it forth, was an apology for America as a slaveholding nation, said to have been written under the pressure of British indignation against slavery, by the Rev. Robert Baird, so well known for his efforts in the cause of temperance.

☞ The post-office address of Dr. E. D. Hudson is, for the present, Northampton, Mass.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE PHILADELPHIA SLAVE CASE.—In our last, we mentioned the case of Hall, *vs.* Munroe, on charge of aiding the escape of three fugitive slaves. The decision is said to have somewhat disappointed both parties. It was against the defendants; confirming the right of slave owners, to arrest and carry off their alledged runaway slaves, without hindrance or molestation; according to the late decision of the Supreme Court. But the jury assessed damages upon all the defendants only to the amount of $350, and costs, six cents; though the plaintiff laid his damages at $2,000. One of the plaintiff's counsel admitted that the negroes had been arrested on charge of *theft*, and that it was a false pretense. In justification, he quoted Judge Baldwin's opinion in the case of Johnson, *vs.* Tompkins, which declares *deceit and stratagem to be proper means of recovering a fugitive slave.*

THE BOSTON SLAVE CASE.—The people are in a fair way to become acquainted with the effects and bearings of the decision of the Supreme Court. Boston has just been greatly excited by a slave case. George Latimer, a light, good-looking mulatto, recently arrived there from Norfolk. His master, James B. Gray, pursued and arrested him, *on charge of various larcenies* alledged to have been committed in Norfolk, during the last year; but at the same time, appointed an agent to take care of him as his *slave*. It was contended that the warrant of arrest issued by the Police Court was void, for the reason that *Congress* had legislated in regard to fugitives from justice, and having so legislated, had shut out the matter. The law of Congress has provided that a requisition from the governor of the State in which the offense was committed, should be necessary to set on foot a proceeding for the arrest of the offender—and no requisition having been issued in this case, the proceedings were illegal.

Latimer commenced a suit of slander against Gray, in which the damages were laid at $6,000. Gray's counsel applied for a writ of protection from arrest, on the ground that the suit was wholly groundless.

The judges retired for consultation, and returned after about a quarter of an hour's absence. J. C. Shaw then delivered the opinion of the court—waiving all the other questions which had been started in the case, and confining himself to the claim of Mr. Gray, and that made by Mr. Stratton, as his agent. These claims, the court were of opinion, showed a sufficient authority, on the part of Mr. Stratton, to detain the alledged slave, as the statute of the United States authorized the owner of a fugitive slave to arrest him in the State to which he might have fled, and upon proving his claim before the proper tribunal, (decided last winter by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Prigg, to be a court established by the authority of the United States government,) and obtaining a certificate therefrom, to carry him out of the jurisdiction of such State.

Under this statute, the court decided that Latimer should remain in custody of the claimant, till the 5th of November, the time fixed for the hearing; and in the meantime, his counsel should have access to him. If the proper steps were not taken in due time to enforce Gray's rights, a new writ of habeas corpus might issue for the protection of Latimer.

The deepest interest was excited in the city. A crowded meeting of the colored citizens was held, to express sympathy with their enslaved brother. A meeting of citizens was likewise called at Faneuil Hall, on Sunday evening, which was disturbed by the hisses, shouts, and yells of a mob, until it became a perfect chaos, and was finally broken up. The Boston Courier says: "The blackguards and rowdies, whose strange conceptions of the legacies of freedom led them to suppose that Faneuil Hall was desecrated when a negro was permitted to speak within its walls, had their own way, although they were in a vast minority."

HENRY CLAY, AND HIS SLAVES.—For the satisfaction of all, whose sensibilities have been shocked by this movement of our Indiana friends, we will state, that the petition which he sneers at, was signed by NEARLY TWO THOUSAND RESPECTABLE PEOPLE; and those commissioned to present it, SOUGHT FIRST A PRIVATE INTERVIEW, that they might then perform their duty—but THEY WERE INFORMED THAT THEIR REQUEST WOULD BE RECEIVED IN PUBLIC.—*Philanthropist.*

It is understood that the Society of Friends reproved those of their number, who signed the petition. The next day, Mr. Clay attended Friends' meeting. What a *comfort* they are to slaveholders' consciences! I should think they would be afraid Benj. Lay would walk in among them, some of these days.

THE GOOD OLD MAN!—Seth Sprague, of Duxbury, Mass. a most venerable and tender-spirited man, as zealous for freedom now as he was in '76, the worthy sire of an unworthy son, (Peleg Sprague, of pro-slavery memory,) has lately withdrawn from the Methodist church, on account of its episcopal despotism, and its support of slavery. He is between eighty and ninety years old, and has been for many years one of the pillars of that church. It must have been a hard pressure that forced him from his strong religious attachments.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—This unwearied friend of humanity has probably sailed to the East Indies, in company with Dwarkanuth Iagone, a wealthy native merchant, with whom he has formed an intimacy, and who is deeply interested in the condition of his oppressed countrymen.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed at the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

Amount previously acknowledged, $5,700

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 11th mo. (November) 1st.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have paid $2:—Emily Girdley, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Isaac Stearns, Franklin city, Mass.; Betsey White, Ashburnham, Mass.; Moses Blew, Hopewell, N. J.; Lemuel Hawley, Reading Ridge, Ct.; Joseph Lambert, Somerton, Ohio; Elizabeth Farnsworth, Groton, Mass; Mary D. May, Boston; Samuel Lightbody, Utica; Joseph George, Kingston, Upper Canada; Wm. Barnard, Milford, Otsego county, N. Y.

Samuel Philbrick, Brookline, Mass. $4; Levi Downing Colosse, Oswego county, N. Y. $1; Dr. H. Joslin, Cicero, Onondaga county, N. Y. $1; Nathaniel Potter, New-York city, 50 cts.; Daniel Trimble, do. $4 50; B. Snow, jr. Fitchburgh, Mass. $29; Jarvis Lewis, Waltham, Mass. $4; Lemuel Jones, Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, $4 50; Dr. James Cook, Spencer, Tioga county, N. Y. $1; Peter Wilson, New-York city 50 cts.; Subscribers at Five Corners, Cayuga county, N. Y. $3.

Donations.—Sarah Beebee, Mexico, N. Y. $1; A friend, New Haven, Ct. 50 cts.; Mary Springstead, Cazenovia, N. Y. 50 cts.; Henry C. Duvall, Port Byron, N. Y. 3 cts; Catharine C. Duvall, do. 7 cts.; A friend, Weedsport, 12 cts.; Collections in Doty, $2 50; do. in Spencer, $1; do. in Freetown, 81 cts.; do. in Solon, $1 25; do. in Millport, $7 23; Mr. Benjamin, $2 10; Collections in Livonia, 75 cts.; do. in South Livonia, $3 19; B. Richmond, 87 cts.; Stephen Fowler, $1; Mrs. Fowler, $1; Porter Fowler, $3; S. H. Brown, $10; Andrew Robinson, N. Y. $2 84; Daniel Underwood, $1 82; George Wilcox, $1.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

TEXAS.

The New Orleans Crescent states, that Gen. Burleson had driven the Mexicans from St. Antonio. In his retreat, Gen. Wall was met by the Texan, Col. Caldwell, who cut his way through, after killing one hundred Mexicans, and wounding as many more.

A company marching to reinforce Col. Caldwell, were surrounded, and most of them killed. As soon as this news reached a Texan camp meeting, being held in the neighborhood, they at once resolved to break up praying and go to fighting. One of their number thus writes: "Our presiding elder, the Rev. John Clark, formerly in charge of the John Street congregation, in New-York, with the advice of our brethren, concluded it best for us all to return home and start for the scene of action.

The meeting broke up at 3 o'clock in the morning. The Lord's Supper was administered at midnight. It was a solemn time.

I expect all of our preachers will join the army. We shall have a long and arduous contest, but must and will succeed.

Our cause is good. We are fighting for religious liberty. Let but the Mexicans succeed, and the Bible will be driven from Texas."

The prisoners taken by Gen. Wall, at the surprise and capture of San Antonio, have written to their friends that they were well treated, as prisoners of war.

The Nachitoches Herald states, that the United States Government has offered its mediation between Texas and Mexico. Mr. Webster is represented to say to the Mexican authorities, "That while his government sees with pain the prospect of active warlike preparations between Texas and Mexico, and disclaims all right to interfere, yet it cannot, under the circumstances, be indifferent to a renewal of hostilities between them. The general and natural advantages of peace, the security of our commerce, the uncertainty of the issue of a war, the dissimilarity of the people, and the extent of territory of the two countries, are all urged as reasons to accept the proffered mediation. To these are added the intimation that, in case of war, American citizens will emigrate hence, and aid the Texans, and it is the President's conviction, that war is not only *useless* but *hopeless*.

Gen. Almonte, the minister from Mexico, has been presented to the President at Washington, by the Secretary of State. There have been passed between them, in due form, those diplomatic expressions of friendship, and confidence, customary between nations that peculiarly hate and distrust each other.

General Items.

Rum's Doings.—A small house in the vicinity of Delhi, N. Y. occupied by two poor families, was lately burnt, together with a girl about two years old, and all the furniture, beds, &c. It is said the parents of the child were intoxicated, and in a scuffle between them, fire from a pipe in the mouth of one of them was dropped in a bed, which caused the fire.

A house situated in a by-road in the southerly part of Montague, Mass. occupied by three families, the major part of whom, male and female, love a drop of the dear creature, on Saturday, the 8th ult. procured three gallons of rum, and on Sunday following, held a drunken jubilee. In the course of their debauch, they offended one of their party, Mrs. Potter, the wife of Ansel Potter, who left the house, and with a rope hung herself in the barn.

Munroe Edwards.—This notorious individual has been sent to Sing-Sing, for ten years. His employment is to be carpet weaving.

State of Society in Havana.—In Havana, an American gentleman was stopped by a cigar-smoker at midnight, and asked for a light. The *Habanero* was long in igniting his *principe*, and inhaled his breath till the two cigars' ends gleamed fiercely, while by the ruddy light each surveyed the other's face. "Pass on," said the Habanero; "your cigar has saved your life. You're not the man I took you for."

Treaty with the Indians.—The Sacs and Foxes have sold all their country between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, (about 12,000,000 of acres). They are to remain in possession of the western portion of their country, for three years. The eastern portion, including the country between the present boundary and the White Breast river, on the Des Moines, will be given up by the first of May next. The country is rich and beautiful. The United States are to provide a home for the Sacs and Foxes, on the west side of the Missouri. The price paid is about $1,050,000; of which $800,000 is to be invested for the Indians—the United States guaranteeing an annual interest of 5 per cent.

The treaty is regarded as very favorable to the government, and no less so to the Indians. The lands will cost about 9 cents per acre.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Another Casualty.—It is but a few days since we recorded the deaths of three men in Crawford county, occasioned by descending into a well filled with carbonic acid gas. We have to mention the loss of life by two more individuals, from the same cause, in this city.—Their names were Foster and Davis: Welchmen, we understand, by birth. One of them went into a well at the Buckeye House, this morning, when, finding respiration difficult, he called for help, and his companion going to his assistance, both perished.—*Ohio State Jour.*

Wonderful Escape from Death.—An interesting daughter of Col. Sylvester Bourne, of East Falmouth, Mass. of about 5 years of age, while playing near her father's well, (which is stoned,) leaned upon the windlass, which suddenly turned, and carried her over upon it, from which she was precipitated, head foremost, into the well, a distance of more than thirty-five feet! She was immediately discovered by her father, who descended the fearful depth, with the expectation of finding his child a mangled corpse. His joy was unspeakable, when he found her alive, and not materially injured.

Camphine.—This article, recently much used for lamps, has been the occasion of many accidents. The board of underwriters have declared it "extra hazardous."

NOTICES.

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE A. S. SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at S. M. Douglas's School-room, 7th st. below Arch, on 5th day afternoon the 10th inst. at 3 1-2 o'clock.

ANNA M. HOPPER, *Rec. Sec.*

KENNET A. S. SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the society will be held at Marlborough, 7th day the 12th of the 11th month, at 1 o'clock.

UNIVERSALIST ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

This body will hold its annual session in Boston, on Thursday, November 9th. All those brethren favorable to the exertion of a *moral* influence by our denomination, for the removal of slavery, are earnestly and affectionately requested to meet with us, and participate in our deliberations, "speaking the TRUTH in LOVE." And all those who believe it improper for us, as believers in the paternity and universal benevolence of God, to discuss this subject, are as urgently and respectfully invited to be present, and "bring forth their strong reasons," in that spirit of charity which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." Meeting in the forenoon to commence at half past 10 o'clock.

J. PRINCE, *Clerk.*

CONVENTIONS IN MIDDLE AND WESTERN NEW-YORK.

The American Anti-Slavery Society will hold Great State Conventions in Middle and Western New-York; at Rochester, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 15th, 16th, and 17th of November.

At Syracuse, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 22d, 23d, and 24th of November.

And at Utica, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 30th of November, and the 1st and 2d of December.

Many of our most able speakers are to be present.—Let there be a rally from every quarter. Efforts will be made to secure gratuitous accommodations for a large number of delegates.

Papers friendly to this cause in Middle and Western New-York, are requested to give this notice a place in their columns.

JOHN A. COLLINS,
Gen. Ag't Am. A. S. Society.

A convention will be holden in Connecticut, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 15th and 16th of December.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

The announcement of the annual Fair, held by the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, has perhaps come to be regarded by you as a thing of course; and the Fair as an occurrence which will take place as certainly without your agency as with it. Our object in addressing you is to inform you that the success of this enterprise depends very much on yourselves, and to solicit your effort in its behalf. Although its management is in the hands of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, yet as its proceeds are devoted to the general interests of the cause, in its prosperity you are all concerned, and we confidently appeal to you for aid in its preparation. Time, skill, industry, money, are all requisite; and of these you are entreated to give according to your abundance. All can contribute something, and if every abolitionist would but give what may be conveniently spared, the pecuniary and other good results of our next Fair might be tenfold greater than those of any preceding one. But lest *all* should not be sufficiently zealous, let some working abolitionists make large demands on their convenience, and some sacrifice of time and money, if need be, comparing their toil with that of the slave, for whose sake they willingly endure it. In these "hard times" let not our first retrenchments be in our charities.

The community is so familiar with the details of Fairs, that it can scarcely be necessary to mention the various kinds of articles desired. Almost everything which finds a ready sale in other markets, and which is the product of requited labor, may be usefully appropriated here. Clothes, furniture, books, toys, and fancy articles of every description will be gladly and gratefully received. Those who propose to furnish us with unwrought materials will please send them seasonably.

We acknowledge with pleasure, a generous donation from an untiring friend of the cause, the value of which is enhanced by the early time at which it was given.

We call upon you, then dear fellow-laborers in behalf of the slave, (the mention of whose name should ever stir the deepest recesses of our hearts,) to aid us promptly, liberally, cheerfully.

All contributions may be sent to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, or to any member of the committee.

Maria M. Davis,	Elizabeth J. Neall,
Sarah A. M'Kim,	Lydia Gillingham,
Huldah Justice,	Emma Parker,
Rebecca Shaw,	Sarah Pugh,
Janet Jackson,	Harriet E. Purvis,
Mary Grew,	Taressa I. Hallowell,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Mary T. Stickney,
Martha W. Carman,	Anna M. Hopper.

9th mo. 15, 1842.

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS PARKER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT ON THE SOLEMN OCCASION.

We were around his bed;
It was an hour of prayer;
The one beloved was dead;
Time had no being there;
Eternity had claimed her own;
The dust was left but dust, alone.

Ceas'd was the labor'd breath,
And still'd its mournful tone;
And hush'd in awful Death
The lov'd, and cherish'd one;
The soul that struggled to be free
Had shaken off mortality.

But some were there, to whom
An holy faith was given,
Which banish'd doubt, and gloom,
When Nature's cord was riv'n;
To them, an angel wing'd its way,
From its dark home, to realms of day.

To them, the failing breath
No thrill of horror brought;
In them, the hour of death
Had waked delightful thought;
The prison-house, that chain'd the soul,
No more its tenant could control.

But onward, upward, free,
The blissful spirit sprang,
To join the jubilee,
With which all Heaven rang.
Open the gates! redeem'd from sin,
And loos'd from earth, come, enter in!

EMMELINE.

From the Democratic Review for October.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

He spoke of Burns: Men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one,
Whose breast was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
And heard, with eager hearts and ears,
His bird-like songs, whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read, they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong,
And slavish tyranny to see;
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but sowss some seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst unlooked for into high-souled deeds,
With way-side beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers,
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of Man.

And thus among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
Which casts in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece or Rome.

Oh! mighty brother-soul of Man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches, with exulting span,
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age, begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And, from the Many, slowly upward win,
To One who grasps the whole.

In his broad breast, the feeling deep
Which struggled on the Many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of Thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak throne of Wrong.

Never did poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,
To lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three;
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature to the weak,
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart.

THE FREED SLAVE..

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Yet once again, once more again,
My bark bounds o'er the wave;
They know not, who ne'er clank'd the chain,
What 'tis to be a slave;
To sit, alone, beside the wood,
And gaze upon the sky—
This may, indeed, be solitude,
But 'tis not slavery.

Fatigued with labor's noontide task,
To sigh in vain for sleep,
Or faintly smile, our griefs to mask,
When 'twould be joy to weep;
To court the shade of leafy bower,
Thirst for the free-born wave,
But to obtain, denied the power—
This is to be a slave!

Son of the sword! on honor's field,
'Tis thine to find a grave;
Yet, when from life's worst ills 'twould shield,
It comes not to the slave.
The lightsome to the heavy heart,
The laugh changed to the sigh;
To live from all we love apart—
Oh! this is slavery.

The commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy of the rarest;
And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth. *Proverbial Philosophy.*

Miscellany.

From the Boston Miscellany.

CATOCHUS:

A THRILLING SKETCH.

It was a breathless night in June. My windows were all open, and yet the flame of my candle scarcely flickered. I had become deeply interested in the pages of a new book, and was heedless of the lapse of time, or the circumstances around me, until a moth fluttered into the flame, and the crackling of its filmy wings attracted my attention. Upon glancing at my watch, which lay beside me on the table, I found to my surprise that it was already after midnight. I determined thereupon to read no more, and shutting my book, walked across the room to draw the curtain, intending immediately to go to bed; but the moonlight shone so pleasantly in at the window, that I was forced to sit down and lean upon the sill, and gaze out upon the scene. There were a few thin, whitish clouds hanging about the horizon, like the distant wings of an enormous spirit, but otherwise the sky was perfectly cloudless. Above, the moon was shining peacefully; and below, the world of green lay dreaming in its misty shroud, half obscured, save where the curving river, glancing in the moonlight, shone like a burnished belt of steel. There is a strange facination in sitting in the moonlight—and for almost an hour, I sat leaning out into the air. All was silent, save the monotonous musical gurgle of frogs in the pond, and at intervals the rustling of green leaves, as a tremulous breath of wind swelled gently, and then died away, or the prolonged bark of some far off dog. I had fallen into a vague reverie, when I heard the bell strike the hour of one. I arose and went to bed. But no sooner had I left the window, than I felt a sharp pain shoot through my head, which, after recurring at intervals, through the next half hour, finally settled into a raging headache. My brain throbbed violently, and seemed loose in my head, so that every motion added to the pain. It was as if an iron hand compressed my temples within its griping fingers. I lay thus tossing, restless and sleepless for several hours, and finally fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was lying beside a waterfall, half asleep. The water rushed hissing down beside me, as if an ocean were loosed, and hurried, boiling fiercely, down a rocky declivity. The air was drizzled with spray, which fell over me like hot sparks, and the trees above me, seen through it, seemed, at times, human skeletons, which bend their long bony arms down to my face, and then slowly risng, unlifted themselves into air, and became natural trees again. A thousand circles intertangling, and interlacing, dilated and contracted incessantly, then slowly the motion decreased, and they kept creeping around more and more gently, until they swam into a broad sea of smooth, glassy water, and fading out of my sight, left the air above me all calm and clear. Soon a small eye seemed looking placidly at me, that grew larger and larger until it filled the wide ring of the horizon; then it changed into a face which looked close into my eyes; gradually the features became distorted into a hideous mask, and grinned, and then a thousand similar faces crowded one upon another, until the air seemed full of them; they, were huddled together, and tossed about without body, like the waves of the ocean. Now I suddenly seemed to be crawling on my hands and knees over slimy and slippery rocks, which were covered with damp, green sea-weed. As I groped along, the sea-weed began to change into snakes, until the rocks seemed alive with the nauseous crawling reptiles, that rubbed their slimy sides against my limbs and cheeks, and cast over me a dreadful chill of horror; all my flesh seemed to creep, and the very scalp to move, on my skull.

In the midst of my horror and torment, I heard the wild ring of a bell. I suddenly and convulsively opened my eyes and heard the bell ringing. For a moment, I experienced the most grateful relief from the torment of this nightmare, which has more than once thus affected me—and no one can tell the glad gush of feeling which came over me, when I found all this horrible scene was but a dream. I lay thus for a moment, thinking of the change, and then resolved to spring from the bed and dress myself immediately; but what was my surprise and horror, when I found I could not move! My body and limbs seemed rigid as marble, and of an intolerable weight. I could neither turn my head, nor stir my foot. My eyeballs were fixed on a spot upon the white wall over my head, and I could neither turn them nor draw down the lid. In vain I strove to move—I was perfectly stiff and torpid, and without the power of motion. There seemed to be some appalling connection between the will and the muscular system—between the mind and the body, as if my living soul was chained, Mezentius-like, to a dead body. There was no pain—only a fearful sensation, as if the whole air had congealed into a firm, transparent amber, which held me strickly imprisoned.

Suddenly, like the swift track of a fallen star, the thought shot across my mind that I was dead. Yes, that could he the only solution of this dreadful enigma—I was sure that I was dead; but O God! was this death? Had we been always mistaken, and did the soul remain thus to haunt the body, without the ability to cast it off! Was death only a suspension of power over this fibrous mass, and these finely organized senses, and nicely adjusted muscles? Only the breaking of one link in the subtle chain, that connected all the faculties and powers with their instruments! Perhaps the soul was never freed until the body had rotted off, little by little, into a mass of corruption, and exhaled or fallen to dry dust; and I was destined to inhabit this living house, and feel it slough away from me and perish, ere I could emerge into the light and beauty of a renewed life. This I had never dreamed of; and all the joy and luxury of existence, all the sense of light and sunshine and fresh air, all the thousand-fold delights with which God has strewn the pictured world, were not worth such a price. Upon these lips the worm should feed, and I could not drive him away; these eyes, through which the soul had looked upon a mild, glorious world, through clear glasses, would change until they were loathsome and corrupted. Oh God! the agony of such a thought. Nothing I had ever imagined equaled it in terror! And when I recollected the dead faces of those whom I had loved and buried, and remembered the benign and placid smile which shone upon them, like the last foot-prints of the freed and rejoicing spirit as it fled heavenward, and which seemed to betoken the recognition of the soul of a diviner sense, as it was leaving its clay tenement—and thought that, perchance, even at the very moment while I was bending over them to take a last farewell look, with this feeling in my heart, they were enduring the same fierce, burning torments—the same feeling of horror and despair that now gnawed me like a burning worm; it seemed to me as if the joys I had ever known on earth would not counterbalance so dreadful a thought.

I heard my name called from below—I made another effort, but my tongue was torpid and dull as lead. Still I could not resign myself to the thought I was dead. I inwardly declared I would move—I strove with almost superhuman exertions, but in vain; I could not take my eyes from that spot on the wall, which had become accursed because I must see it. Sidewise through my eyes I felt the pleasant sunshine glowing into the room; and over my head the busy flies hummed and buzzed incessantly, and crept now and then across my face.

How long and tedious seemed the moments—they were years to my excited mind—and no one came. An age of torment seemed to have passed, when I heard a slight tap at the door—I could not answer it. Again I heard a louder knock; I knew it was my sister, for she spoke and called me by name. The door opened and she came forward cautiously, and again approached the bed. She looked a moment at me and touched me—I did not speak, but lay motionless with my eyes strained at that infernal spot. She paused a moment, and then, uttering a piercing scream, ran to the door and called for my mother. Instantly the horror of the cry brought the family to my bedside. They lifted my hand, and it fell again upon the coverlid. They felt of my heart—there was not a flutter of a pulse, for all that it seemed to me as if hell itself could not be worse than the torment that I was enduring. I heard quick, convulsive sobs, and felt a soft hand smooth my hair from my forehead. Some one said, "He must have died in a fit; and yet how calm his face is." "Yes," was the answer, "he probably suffered no pain and died almost immediately—perhaps in his sleep." Then the voices grew more distant and murmuring, and some one left the room. Soon the door opened, and the face of the family physician intercepted the damned spot for a moment. Now, thought I, he will know that I am not dead, and will relieve me from this situation. He felt of my heart and pulse for a moment, and then I heard him say, in answer to the anxious inquiries—"Yes, madam, I am sorry to say he is entirely gone. My art can avail him nothing." The voices then became lower, and I listened in vain.

It was a long, dark pause—then the shutters were closed, and persons trod lightly across the floor, and spoke to each other in an under tone, as if the place were sacred. That silent awe which pervades the chamber of death, and hushes the voice as if the senseless clay could hear, had passed over their spirits like breath-stain upon glass. I heard the low, confused murmur of voices drone through the darkened chamber. Now and then the door opened, and some one bent over me and gazed at me, while scalding tears fell upon my face. Then the room was emptied of all persons, and I was left alone in the darkness and stillness. I listened for voices, for anything was better than this dreary stillness—but in vain; a spell was in the house—its sound of laughter, its rapid footsteps, its bustle and noise were gone—every step was careful and slow, and every voice a whisper. So went on hour after hour, and I still lay helpless, and longing for the moment when I should be able to move and loosen myself from the close, deathly grasp, which almost pressed the life out of the body. As I lay thus, I suddenly heard a bird's gush of song from the tree beneath my window; how joyously it warbled, unconscious of the agony so near it—and how my heart sickened within me as I heard it!

Soon, persons came and wrapped me up in white linen, and swathed my limbs and made the horrible arrangements. Some one said, "how ghastly his eyes look!" and then gently pressed down the lids of my eyes. Never till that moment did I dream that that accursed spot, on which my gaze had been riveted for so many hours, could become dear to me. The thought that we are viewing any object, however mean, for the last time, always raises it in importance, and gives it a fictitious charm; and now this spot to me was the straw to a drowning man, the silver line of sunlight in a prison's gloom—the last link with this visible earth. I strove in vain to keep open the lids—slowly they yielded to the pressure of the fingers, and gradually the range of vision became more and more confined, until all was shut out. Never before had the fear of being *buried alive* suggested itself—but now it came over me like a gulphing wave. I thought that I should be laid down alive in the charnal-house among decaying corpses, and stifled from the clear breath of heaven, famish, if indeed I were not dead then. All the frightful stories of such occurrences that I had ever read, came to my mind, and the hope of ultimate recovery grew feebler and feebler.

The night came, and how dreary and unending it seemed! One after another I heard the hours struck by the clock, until at last, from pure exhaustion, I lost my sensation. It must have been late in the morning when I returned to consciousness. I felt hands upon me—they were lifting me into my coffin. I heard them turn screw, after screw, until the lid was fastened, and only the narrow space over the face remained open. I felt the sides of the coffin jar and rub against my arms, and I despaired that I should ever recover my power of motion.

The coffin was lifted and placed upon a table. Some one asked when I was to be buried? "This afternoon," was the answer—"he has now been dead two days." I had then been unconscious for the length of a whole day. Now the time, instead of dragging a weary length, seemed to fly with lightning-like rapidity. The past seemed endlessly long—the future was fore-shortened to a breath, a moment. The clock ticked faster and faster, and time seemed to pour itself away in rapid moments, as a rising thunder cloud, empties its fierce heavy drops more and more rapidly.

It was afternoon—the company gathered—the shutter creaked beside me, and the window was opened. I felt the warm breath of the spring air steal over my face like a delicious odor. I heard the birds singing among the branches, and the gentle rustling of the swaying trees, as the wind stirred among the leaves. I thought of all the gladsome earth—of the blue sky—of the rippling brooks, half sunlight, half shadow—of the early evening clouds, whose lines shift like the colors on the dove's neck—of the stars, of the moon, of the swelling and heaving ocean, and clung to the memory of them with a mute despair, loving them the more the nearer I came to losing them.

At last the dim bum about the room ceased—the clock ticked loudly, and the clergyman's voice repeated those first sentences in the service for the dead—"I am the resurrection and the life." &c.

His voice ceased—I give myself up to despair. I tried to resign myself to the dreadful thought that I was to be buried alive. Some one lifted the lid to screw it down ere I should be removed; I heard a faint exclamation from some one bending over me—"Good God! he must he alive yet; there are drops of perspiration now upon his forehead! Bring a mirror and place it to his lips; he may breathe yet." It seemed that the extremity of my agony had wrung out a cold dew upon my skin. No sooner had the words been spoken, than there was a wild hurry, and suppressed exclamations of fear, and doubt, and surprise about the room. What a moment of agony was the next! The fearful anticipation lest, after all, there should be no signs of breath, was worse than all before. The mirror was brought, and then I knew, by the sudden and fearful cry, that my real state, that of Catochus, was at last known.

I was bled instantly; between my lips a few drops of brandy were forced, and my limbs and head were fomented with heated cloths, with such effect, that in two hours I regained my power of motion and sat up, though weak from loss of blood and entirely exhausted by the dreadful suffering through which I had passed as through a fiery ordeal. Believe me, those pains I would not suffer again, if the price should be a shower of all the wealth and glory that the world can bestow. Such suffering does not leave a man where it finds him. I arose from my bed an altered man; with my moral and mental constitution completely changed.

The main incident of this story, however improbable it may seem, is founded upon fact; and has occurred within the range of the writer's experience. Catochus is only a peculiar form of Catalepsy, in which the patient retains the use of his various senses, while the power of motion is entirely suspended, and presents an appearance which may easily be mistaken for death. In removing some bodies from the vault of a church in a neighboring city, on the occasion of erecting a new church, it was discovered that their bodies had assumed such a situation as could only be accounted for on the supposition of their having been burried while in a state of suspended animation or stupor; they having turned over in their coffins upon the recurrence of consciousness. The occurrence of such a fact alone, together with the known existence of diseases which assume the semblance of death, should induce the extremest caution, and make it a matter of duty to apply, before burial, such tests as to leave no shadow of doubt, and no room for mistake with regard to the actual fact of death.

CAPE HAITIEN.

We have just received a letter from a valued friend in Philadelphia, who has recently arrived from Cape Haitien. Although it was not intended for publication, we can see no impropriety in placing some extracts from it before our readers, and, as we think that they may be rather interesting, we take the liberty of doing so:

"A few days after you parted from me, I sailed for Cape Haitien, St. Domingo, as supercargo of the brig ——. I was there forty-five days, and had much trouble and difficulty with the cargo. I found my consignee sick, and he afterward died. I gave the consignment to another man, who soon fell sick, also. A third man took charge, and died in six days after, and I left the fourth one sick. All the clerks, and all hands on board were sick, except the captain and myself; and one of our men died. In short, almost everybody in the place was sick while I was there, or had been previously. The disease was bilious intermittent fever, with some cases of black vomit, and was said to be occasioned by the animal and vegetable decay going on beneath the ruins.

The newspaper accounts of the earthquake were but little, if any, exaggerated. There is literally not a whole tenantable house left in the place; and of the 9 or 12,000 inhabitants, not less than three-fourths are beneath the ruins.

Here and there a room is occupied in the old town, but most of the survivors live in a little valley called the Passette, running parallel to the town, in huts having neither floors nor windows, and most of them inferior to the worst outhouses on our farms. Of suffering, however, except among the sick, there is little; as vegetable food, the chief absolute necessary of life, is cheap and abundant—that is, it may be had for the gathering. And of grief I saw none. The people appeared to be as gay and cheerful as if no misfortune had befallen them. I do not consider this indifference as characteristic of the people. I believe it to be generally the case, where a calamity is universal. Every man sees that his neighbor is as badly off as himself. No eye is directed with especial sympathy to him; and he soon finds that wailing is superfluous, and "won't pay." And, not only this, but, in the excitement consequent to the breaking up of all conventional arrangements, civil and domestic, all external restraint is removed, and each man becomes as bad as he dares. Licentiousness has greatly increased since the earthquake. Almost everybody appeared to drink largely of gin, tafia, or other ardent spirit; and many a man of 'standing' keeps a concubine, openly, who has not taken the trouble to remove his wife from the ruins, and give her a decent burial. Marriage, however, has never been a favorite ceremony on the island. The president, himself, is not married, but lives with the widow of Petion, the former president, whom, it is said, he seduced during the life of the latter.

Some two or three hundred couples were married during the panic which succeeded the earthquake; but this is now over. Did you ever remark that intense fear created intense thirst? Within a few minutes after the first shock, nearly all the survivors were raging for water; and as all the fountains in the place, but one, were buried, the struggling over this was described to me as like that of brutes in similar circumstances.

Many remarkable instances are related of tenacity of life in the buried-alive. I was told, by an English merchant, one of the most respectable men in the place, that a little girl was taken out of the ruins, alive, nine days after the earthquake. She was asked if she was hungry or thirsty. She said no. If she was in any pain from the bruises, &c. She said no—she felt very well. But she died the next day. A young man who had been absent at Port-au-Prince, returned seven days after the earthquake. He inquired after the various members of his family. Nobody had seen them. He went to work among the ruins of his house—found his mother and sister dead, but took his father out alive, and he is living now.

It will be many years before Cape Haitien regains its former mercantile importance. No movement has yet been made towards its renovation. There is little money, no credit, and no storehouses, consequently only a retail trade in the place, at present. —*Nantucket Inquirer.*

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

The Constitutionnel, a French paper, contains the following almost incredible statement: "A curious exhibition is now open to the public, at Cologne.—It consists of a great number of very minute objects, made by a Mr. Debeerske. Among these *multa in minimo*, may be seen, in half a nut, a draught-board, and other objects, thirty-six in number; among which are a pair of scissors, and a penknife, with two blades, which open and shut perfectly. In a whole nut, a cage containing a canary, which opens its bill, claps its wings, and imitates perfectly the warbling of that bird. In an almond shell, a Dutch windmill for cutting wood, which, at each representation, does actually cut a piece of wood. In an egg-shell, an apartment magnificently carpeted, in which is a lady who opens a piano-forte, and plays two airs. Behind these, is a marble chimney-piece, with a bronze timepiece, representing Napoleon on horseback. In a walnut, an elegant café, with all its accessories. A lady is at the counter, and two gentlemen alternately play a game of billiards. In an orange, a steamboat, which executes all the movements of a real vessel; and in an egg, an automaton, which replies, in writing, to the questions which are put, sketches and draws, adds up a sum almost as quick as the numbers are given, and presents the total in writing. All these objects are in gold, silver, and steel, wonderfully executed; and, notwithstanding their extreme smallness, they are perfectly distinguishable with the naked eye.

AN EXPERIMENT.

I once knew a boy who was employed by his father to remove all the loose, small stones, which, from the peculiar nature of the ground, had accumulated in the road, before the house. He was to take them up and throw them over into the pasture across the way. He soon got tired of picking them up one by one, and sat down on the bank to try to devise some better means of accomplishing his work; he at length conceived and adopted the following plan. He set in the pasture a narrow board for a target, or as boys would call it, a mark; and then collecting all the boys in the neighborhood, he proposed to them an amusement, which boys are always ready for—firing at a mark. I need not say that the stores of ammunition in the street were soon exhausted—the boys working for their leader, when they supposed they were only finding amusement for themselves. Here, now, is an experimenting on the mind; the production of useful effort with rapidity and ease, by the intervention of proper instrumentality; the conversion, by means of a little knowledge of human nature, of what would otherwise have been fatiguing labor, into a mere animating sport—giving pleasure to twenty, instead of tedious labor to one.—*Abbott's Teacher.*

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Some years ago, says a foreign journal, the captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor woodcutter, residing in the neighborhood of Messina. After detaining her for several months on board his vessel, he landed her on an island in the South seas, wholly regardless of what might befall her. It happened that the woman was presented to the savage monarch of the island, who became enamored of her. He made her his wife, placed her on the throne, and at his death left her the sole sovereign of his domains. By a European vessel, which recently touched at the island, the poor woodcutter has received intelligence of his wife. She sent him presents of such vast value, that he will probably be one of the wealthiest individuals in Sicily, until it shall please her majesty, his august spouse, to summon him to her court.

A LILLIPUTIAN.

A correspondent of the Richmond Whig states that there lives in Bedford county Va. a most singular phenomenon of mankind in a lad of seventeen years old, residing near the mouth of Otter river, adjaceut to Lynchburg and New London.

This singular being, says the writer in the Whig, is two feet four inches high; and weighs thirty-three pounds. He was a Lilliputian at his birth. For more than five years he has not grown perceptibly; and it is not likely that his stature will be increased, as his countenance indicates that he has passed the meridian of life. His head is disproportionately large, but by no means monstrous. He has a slight protuberance on his back, which is not visible through his clothing; and the muscles which contract the hand are inactive. In all other respects, so far as I could observe or learn, his structure and functions, are perfect. He stands erect, walks, runs, and leaps, like other bipeds, and, strange as it may appear, he is an adept in playing marbles, of which game he is fond. His countenance is grave, intelligent, and pleasant. He is fond of conversation, deemed witty by his neighbors, and has a good talent for mimicry. I saw him myself imitating a vulture, sunning itself, and spreading its wings, with striking accuracy and effect. I said to him,—"Master Chaffin, it is a pity you cannot go to school; you might become a scholar." "Yes," he promptly replied, "and a teacher too." I told him I was apprehensive the little boys and girls would overrun him. "No," said he, "they would n't." And he spoke with a firmness which indicated that he was a man of authority.

Mr. C. and his relations are poor but respectable. I suggested to his aunt the propriety of exhibiting him in some of our large cities. The thought was not new to her; but she seemed sceptical as to the result of the experiment, and shrunk from it with a commendable modesty. I believe the public would be gratified by the exhibition.

DEATH OF AN AGED MATRON.

Died, on the 15th ult., at her residence, at Ballinagown, near Portadown, at the extraordinary age of 116 years, Mrs. Mary Corr. She was born in 1726, and consequently, lived through the reigns of sixteen sovereigns of Great Britain. She was a woman of great mental and physical faculties, and was gifted with a strong understanding and most retentive memory. Of that portion of our history commencing with the reign of George II., so productive of great events, she had a most vivid recollection, and delighted to converse on the "deeds of other years." She was, indeed, a living chronicle of the last century, and detailed, with surprising accuracy, the many memorable occurrences of that eventful era. The storming of Quebec and the death of General Wolfe, the capture of the Havana, the naval victories of Admiral Rodney, the taking of the borough of Carrickfergus, by the French commander, Thurot, were events which she narrated with much animation; and she related, with much amusing effect, the national consternation on the succes of the celebrated adventurer Paul Jones. She attended the weekly market of Portadown regularly, till within three years of her death, and her sight was so good, that she could thread a fine cambric needle. She was admired for her mild, unobtrusive habits.—*Dublin paper.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

Bigotry.—A packer in a cotton warehouse, speaking of some outburst of bigotry on the part of a neighbor, said, "I suppose, sir, that when a man has a small mind, he does not require much time to make it up."

"A Man's a Man, for a' that!"—Robert Burns paid little respect to the artificial distinctions of society. On his way to Leith one morning, he met a country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped to converse. A young Edinburgh blood took the poet to task for this defect of taste. "Why, you fantastic gomeri!" said Burns, "it was not the great *coat*, the scone *bonnet*, and the saundaer *boot hose* I spoke to, hut the *man* that was *in* them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day."

The Moon Uninhabited.—An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked, with emphasis, that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was incredible to believe; "For," said she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon, when there is nothing left of it but a little streak."

Stolen Thoughts.—A preacher in England, who was in the habit of patching up his sermons from the books he read, happened to retail a discourse of this kind when a stranger was present who had a habit of thinking aloud. As the speaker recited eloquently a striking passage, the stranger remarked, in the midst of the sermon, "that's Johnson." Shortly, struck with another thought, he says, "that's Blair;" and again, "that's Tillotson;" until the preacher, provoked by his exposure, cried, "turn that fellow out;" "that's his own," said the stranger, as he walked away.

Framers of the Laws.—Several years ago, an honest Dutchman, at Harrisburgh, Pa. was asked whether they had watchmen in the place. He answered, "Only in the winter, when the legislature is in session; whenever the members go home, we discharge the watchmen, and have no use for them again until the members return!"

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

To prevent Iron from Rusting.—Warm the iron till it is as hot as you can bear your hand on it, without burning; then rub it with new, clean, white wax, and hold it to the fire till the wax soaks in. When done, rub it over with a piece of serge. This prevents the iron from rusting.

Salt for Hogs.—Hogs, during the process of fattening, should be supplied with salt as often as once a week. It is no less advantageous to them than to the ox, the cow, or the sheep; and when liberally exhibited, is a preventive of many diseases to which, from their continual confinement, and the effects of hearty food, they are inevitably exposed. Store hogs, also, are greatly benefitted by it, and will partake of it once or twice a week as eagerly and, to all appearance, with as good zest as they do of corn or meal. Charcoal is also highly salutary in its influences upon the hog.

Too much salt at a time is injurious, and even dangerous to swine. A pint of strong brine would kill a hog.

Orchard Caterpillars.—Attentive observers will doubtless have noticed that these insects have been on the increase for a year or two past, and it would be well if effectual measures were taken to destroy them while their numbers are yet small. The perfect insect deposits its eggs during the latter part of summer, in the shape of belts or cylindrical rings, on the smaller branches and near their extremities. These rings are then covered with a resinous substance, which excludes moisture, and they remain uninjured till the following spring, when the young caterpillars hatch, grow, and devour. Each ring of eggs produces a nest of caterpillars.

At this season of the year, these nests of eggs are easily seen, and if cut off and burned, the operation will save the more troublesome task of destroying the insects next spring, and at a season when less time is allowed for its faithful performance.—*New Genesee Farmer.*

Cement.—The New England Farmer contains the following statement: "The late conquest of Algiers, by the French, has made known a new cement used in the public works in that city. It is composed of two parts of ashes, three of clay, and one of sand. This composition, called by the Moors *Fabbi*, being again mixed with oil, resists the inclemencies of the weather better than marble itself."

The Southern Planter says a gentleman in that neighborhood has tried a cement made according to the above directions, around the window casings of a stone-house he was building, and it has proved as good as the statement represents. It is as hard as marble, and will stick to wood as well as to stone.

To make Sage Cheese—Take the tops of sage, and having pressed the juice from them by beating in a mortar, do the same with the leaves of spinach, aud mix the two juices together. After putting the rennet to the milk, pour in some of this juice, regulating the quantity by the color aud taste to be given to the cheese. As the curd appears, break it gently, and in an equal manner; then emptying it into the cheese vat, let it be a little pressed, in order to make it eat mellow. Having stood for about seven hours, salt, and turn it daily for four or five weeks, when it will be fit to eat. The spinach, besides improving the flavor, and correcting the bitterness of the sage, will give a much finer color than can be obtained from sage alone.

The juice of yarrow, which grows in most parts of New England, and of tansy, are good coloring for cheese, and impart a pleasant flavor.—*L. I. Farmer.*

Miscellaneous Items.

Look at this! Burglary and Kidnapping.—Some daring scoundrel entered the house of a negro man named Elijah Morris, near Golconda, Ill. on the 1st of October, and after robbing him of about six hundred dollars in gold and silver, stole his several children, below described, and run them off. Editors of newspapers in the South will confer a favor by publishing this.

Description of Children.—Catharine, born 7th May, 1831, tolerably dark, and slim made, a mark on her right shoulder, (born with the mark,) and had biles on her legs. Martha, born 15th February, 1833, tolerably dark, chunkey built, marked on her hack from whipping. David, born 20th April, 1836, spare keen face, a scar under his right side, a mole on his forehead, above his right eye. James, born 15th February, 1837, lighter color than either of the others, full face.

A Snarl of Governors, and Governors in a Snarl.—Governor King sent Governor Arnold to Governor Hubbard, to take Governor Dorr; but Governor Hubbard told Governor Arnold to tell Governor King, that he, Governor Hubbard, would not deliver to him, (Governor Arnold,) Governor Dorr, for the gratification of Governor King; as he, Governor Hubbard, did not think that he, Governor King, was a Governor after all—and therefore had no right to send a Governor to a Governor for a Governor.—*Providence Herald.*

A Rat-tail Story.—There was lately exhibited at Salisbury, England, forty-three bushels of rats'-tails! A notorious rat catcher, whose veracity was questioned respecting the number of rats said to be caught by him, hit upon the expedient of preserving the tail of every rat he destroyed for a certain period. In two years he gathered the above amount, and now exhibits them for a small remuneration; he has made a fortune out of the business.

How to detect Counterfeit Coin.—Take a clean slip of common sheet zinc, about two inches by one half, and lay it upon the tongue; place a genuine silver coin under the tongue, and on bringing the silver and zinc together, a pungent and disagreeable taste will be perceived. Substitute, now, a coin suspected to be counterfeit, in the place of the genuine coin, and a very slight, if any taste, will be perceived. The false coin of half dollars, dimes, and half dimes, is made mostly of German silver, and produces scarcely any galvanic action with a piece of zinc.

Parricide.—The Jackson (Missouri) Advocate, contains an account of the horrid murder of Mr. John Byrd, of that vicinity, by his own son. The reason assigned by the boy, a lad of about 15 years of age, was ill-treatment, and the refusal of his father to permit him to have the use of a gun, for which he entertained a particular desire. He was committed to jail.

An Appeal for Colored Orphans.

THE managers of the Colored Orphan Asylum, having received, from the corporation, 20 lots of ground, on 5th avenue, 43d and 44th streets, are now erecting an unornamented but substantial building. The funds in their possession being inadequate to carry out the views and designs of the managers, they are compelled to solicit the patronage of the public, to the amount of $5,000, the sum required for the completion of the building.

The managers feel a delicacy in urging their claims at so unfavorable a time as the present; but being encouraged by the above grant, and the receipt of a considerable sum of money, and taking into consideration their present confined and limited accommodations, with the fact of colored children being *excluded from the Long Island Farms, as well as all other asylums*, they resolved to go forward, in the firm belief that He who has, in all ages, shown Himself to be the orphan's friend, will at this time manifest Himself in their behalf.

Subscription books will be open at the following places, where donations will be thankfully received, and all will be hereafter acknowledged: C. V. J. Roosevelt's, 731 Broadway; B. S. Collins's, 93 East Broadway; and at Murray & Lanman's, 69 Water street.

October 20, 1842. 3t

Health, Quiet, and Comfort!!

THE Graham House, 63 Barclay street, New-York proffers advantages to strangers stopping a few days or weeks in the city, such as are rarely offered. It is eligibly located, on a clean and airy street, very near the business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the principal steamboat landings. Its apartments are convenient and neat, while its table is supplied with the best vegetables and fruits that can be procured, excluding, entirely, animal food, and stimulants of all kinds. Charges moderate, and every effort made to render boarders comfortable. Shower baths free. Remember, 63.

New-York, October 20, 1842. 6m

Peach-Orchard Coal, $5 50 per Ton.

WM. P. POWELL, 61 Cherry street, will furnish at the lowest market prices, a superior quality of Peach-Orchard, Schuylkill, Lehigh, Lackawana, and Liverpool Coals. ☞Orders through the Post Office, and otherwise, if left at either of the following places, will be thankfully received, and promptly attended to,

At 143 Nassau street; 61 Cherry street; Office of People's Press, 9 Spruce street.

New-York, September 29, 1842.

NOTICE.

THE connection in business heretofore existing between the subscribers (Powell & Borden, 61 Cherry street) was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 10th inst. The affairs of the concern will be settled by us.

WM. P. POWELL,
NATHANIEL A. BORDEN.

New-York, September 17, 1841.

The business heretofore conducted by the firm, will in future be carried on at the same place by the subscriber, on his own account. WM. P. POWELL,
3t Sailors' Home, 61 Cherry st.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 143 Nassau street, New-York, and No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, "A KISS FOR A BLOW." By Henry C. Wright. Price, 37 1-2 cents.

September 29, 1842.

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Calicoes, muslins, bedticking, canton flannel, white and brown sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, &c. Wholesale and retail, by CHARLES COLLINS.
No. 3 Cherry-street, New-York.

FREE LABOR BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Wholesale and Retail.

THE subscriber notifies his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand, at the most reasonable prices, a large assortment of WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, of every description, and best materials, and entirely free from the contamination of slave labor.

Country Merchants will do well to call and examine for themselves, before purchasing elsewhere.

All orders punctually executed, at the shortest notice.

JAMES WILLIS,
No. 241 Arch street, one door below 7th.
Philadelphia, June 16, 1842. p.—6m.

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